

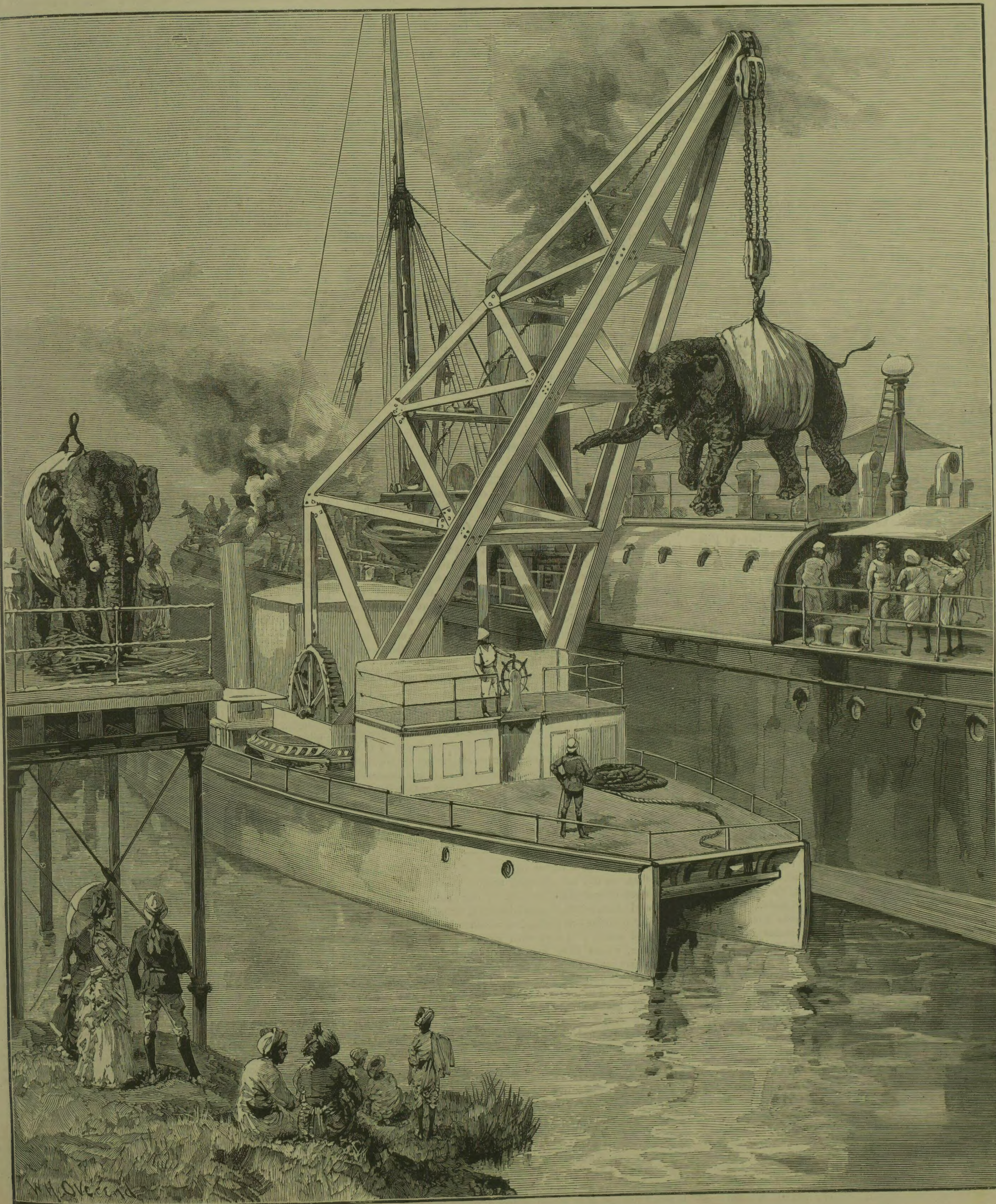
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THE LOOSHAI EXPEDITION: SHIPPING ELEPHANTS ON BOARD THE SIMLA AT CALCUTTA.

FROM A SKETCH BY LIEUT. H. W. G. COLE, 2ND GOORKHAS.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

Some enemy of the human race has been preserving the strains of the bagpipe by means of the phonograph. It is said (but this is incredible) that potted bagpipe is worse than the fresh. The réchauffé sound is stated to resemble the other "played through a gaspipe"; but that would at least prevent its dissemination. The most curious metamorphosis of sound I ever listened to was at a certain festivity at a country seat, where the antics of a clown made the brass band laugh through their instruments. Southey tells us in his "Commonplace Book" (though it sounds strange enough) that the cattle—I suppose the Scotch cattle—like the bagpipes; but this is not on account of their harmony:—"As soon as the cows for the London market are turned into the meadows at Carlisle, the drover begins to pipe, at which signal they fall to grazing": it is their gong for dinner. The effect upon the national ear is certainly inspiring. At the Battle of Quebec, Colonel Fraser defended the retreat of his regiment upon the ground that the pipes had been forbidden to play. "Let them blow as they like if that will bring your men back," said the General—and it did bring them. It is a mistake, however, to suppose that the instrument is peculiar to Scotland. Falstaff tells us of something "as melancholy as the drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe." And Queen Elizabeth, though she probably never paid the piper, kept one. At one time the Irish bagpipe was very celebrated, and is described as "having a soft tone, so much so that music-books have been published with directions how to play on it." Father Mathew, however, and the temperance societies seem to have been the ruin of it. Perhaps this is fortunate! If the bagpipes were added to the present Irish discord, matters would be intolerable indeed. Evictions? Everybody would be evicted!

Mr. Greene Howell, Midville, Georgia, if what is reported of him is correct, may with truth be pronounced to be "one of the most remarkable men, Sir, in our country." He was born a "man of colour"—in quite another sense than that suggested by his "first name"—and up to thirty years of age "had no idea that he would be anything but a black man"; but Nature, it seems, has had second thoughts about him, and is putting them in practice. He is now becoming slowly but surely a white man—but it occurs in patches. Mr. Swinburne tells us that man is "neither white as snow, nor black as a crow; he is black and white, striped, dubious, piebald." This is what has literally happened to Mr. Greene Howell: he is piebald. His hands (when washed) are already white; there are two patches of white on each ear; and what was once rudely called his wool, springs from a white scalp. He began, it seems, to whiten at the top (as is the case with many of us), but the transformation is going on all over him; he grows lighter and lighter (like the winter mornings) every day; even his feet are turning out—white. He is described as "very intelligent," but not sufficiently so to explain the cause of this phenomenon. In a few years—if he is not interviewed to death—there will be no difference between him or any other white man, except that his hair will, I suppose, for his age, be rather curly. That "complete change" so often recommended by the Faculty has in this gentleman's case been for once obtained; the common phrase "he turned white" has had, for the first time, a literal exemplification; and the alteration of hue appears to be agreeable to him. But suppose Mr. Greene Howell had turned from white to black, instead of from black to white, how would he have liked it then? Some white men don't even like turning grey. We are told that it is very hard "to put oneself in the place of other people," but in this case Nature herself has overcome the difficulty; and, being so "very intelligent," Mr. Howell will, no doubt, be in a position to solve what anthropologists call "the race-problem." "When I was only a man and a brother, my thoughts, my sensations, my emotions, were so and so; now I am one of yourselves, they are different." To the philosopher he will, therefore, be more interesting when the transformation has been fully accomplished; but I can fancy others who will be more curious to see him in his present stage of evolution—piebald.

A friend of mine at Cambridge, who has since made his mark in the world in quite another line of business, was as an undergraduate greatly given to theological speculation. He was immensely pleased one day at finding among the ancient heretics the very sect to which he, by rights, belonged. From that moment he was easy in his mind, and the more so because there remained not on the earth's surface one human being who was of the same sect as himself. His case was peculiar; but, certainly, to some minds a creed has attractions in inverse proportion to the number of people who belong to it. "Three Persons and no Divinity" was, for some time, it was said, a fair description of the Positivists; and when they grew in the revolving years to a round dozen they split into two factions of six apiece. Then came the Theosophists, who, though less select in numbers, have the great advantage of even a more unintelligible belief. They have a magazine of their own, which who-soever ventures to read, not being one of the elect, his head goes round, he loses his identity, and if, like the lady in the ballad, he has a little dog at home, is well pleased to be recognised by him. The statement that his "Ego will return to earth after 1500 years" or so, is no sort of comfort to him; he can make nothing of "the Secret Doctrine," and he doesn't know "a genuine Chela" from its counterfeit. As to the last matter, a most frightful thing has happened; it seems that the Theosophists themselves don't know the difference, and have admitted unknowingly into their select and sacred body a Humourist. This person (I read with horror) has been making fun of them in their own organ, *Lucifer*; and till his novel—for it was a serial story which was made the vehicle of this cruel jest—was finished they did not find it out. Even now (thank Goodness!) there is a hope that it may not be so.

The editress still expresses her belief that "a Fellow of the Theosophist Society could hardly ridicule the body to which he belongs." It is a thing too sacrilegious, too shocking, to contemplate; but leading contributors have, in consequence, withdrawn from the organ in question, and upon my life I believe he is guilty. A funnier story than his contribution I certainly have never read. It introduces even the outsider to the Chela, who it seems is "a disciple of a Mysterious Brotherhood of Adepts living in the most inaccessible regions of a desert in the interior of Africa." It is to these gentlemen, so far as I can gather from this remarkable tale, that the motion of the earth is due. They do it by will-power; and "if they were to stop (willing) for a moment the sun would become as dark as a crow." There is a leading character in the work called Mr. Puffer, who does anything but "puff" the Theosophist Society. One would almost think that the "Occult Brotherhood" were persons (like ourselves) who don't know what they are talking about. He does not spare even the "real affinities" which, when we have got tired of our wives, would seem to be such excellent substitutes. There is no pathos in the story, but the defence of it by the editress of the magazine is very pathetic. "It is," she admits, "of a tragicomic character; but this unfortunate circumstance is due to the fact that life itself is a tragedy mixed with a great deal of comedy." If "The Talking Image of Urur," however, is a mirror of human life, life is neither tragic nor comic, but a screaming farce.

It seems only necessary for any habit or custom to be popular and harmless to become now-a-days the subject of invective. The meddlers and muddlers, who attack everything which gives pleasure to people other than themselves, increase and multiply among us like mites in a cheese. Because some can't smoke tobacco without being sick, cigarettes, they say, are deadly to everybody; because others dare not trust themselves to take a glass of wine lest they should swill a bottle, everyone who mixes claret with his water at dinner is a dipsomaniac; to play a rubber of threepenny whist is to be a gambler; to eat a chop, instead of confining oneself to a diet of herbs, is to brutalise one's nature. If our proportion of fools has not increased since Carlyle numbered the people, those who make it their business to interfere with that of other people are certainly much more numerous. The fact of these being by their own confession utterly ignorant of the practices they denounce never gives them pause. They are virtuous, and, therefore, there shall be no more cakes or ale. There is, they say, no "sin they are inclined to"; but they do not hesitate on that account to "d— those they have no mind to." I am not, however, quite so certain of their innocence as I am of their ignorance. Even Anti-everythingarians must have their peccadilloes, and some day or another they will irritate honest simple folk into investigating them. It would not much surprise me to find that these gentry who in public are always straining at gnats, may in private swallow camels.

The last crusade—scientific, of course, and based on the highest principles—is directed against Baby Talk, which is gravely asserted to be not only folly, but an obstacle to the development of speech. It is folly, of course; so are the fairytales that are told to children, and a number of other things that have only grace and tenderness to recommend them; but it is not the stultification born of pomposity and the being educated beyond one's wits. If it delayed the development of speech in some people so that they never could speak (on platforms) at all, it would not be an effect to be regretted. These new Crusaders, of course, never read "Hard Times," or they would discover that Mr. Gradgrind has had the priority of ideas in this matter. It is quite amazing how Dickens foresaw the immigration of the birds of this particular feather and described them before they took wing; but what is still more wonderful is that when people are conscious of a want of sympathy with tenderness and childhood, and the fond ways of women with their young, that they should blurt it out to their fellow-creatures as if it were something to be proud of, and even endeavour to inoculate others with their imperfections. For my part, I am a miserable linguist, and very bad at baby-talk; but I would rather listen to the broken love-language of a mother to her child than to any lecture by an Anti-everythingarian, though in English as clear as the glass of water by his side, and as full of himself and his fad.

There are times of regret and times of rejoicing for many of us that we did not embrace this or that pursuit in life which once offered itself instead of our present calling. At one time I attended theological lectures, with the intention of becoming a divine—a profession which some of my friends were good enough to say, with more vigour than grace of expression, would have suited me "down to the ground"; while others again threw up their eyes and their heads at the notion, as though there were something unsuitable in it. For my part, I could never come to any conclusion in the matter. There have been pros and cons about it. However blameless and excellent a man may be, it strikes one that he should not be a clergyman unless he possesses some gift of eloquence; whereas, whenever I stand up to say a few words in public my poor head goes round, which renders one a ridiculous spectacle; and a divine should never be ridiculous. As long as I sit down I can talk like anybody else; but the perpendicular attitude is fatal to my powers of speech. I don't suppose I should have been allowed to sit in the pulpit; though even in the dock, I notice that criminals who can show cause for it are "accommodated with a chair." Moreover, I was always conscious of weakness in connection with metaphors and similes, with which all sermons are so plentifully strewn—I have wondered where preachers got them from, and supposed it was a natural gift which shows a man's aptitude for the ecclesiastical calling. Ordinary folk can never lay hands on a metaphor; if they try, it is a failure. I observe that a famous physician, giving his opinion recently on the state of mind of

a lady patient, pronounces her "as mad as a hatter"; while an equally eminent doctor on the other side affirms her to be "as sound as a roach." Other folk can never get beyond "like bricks," or "like anything," which, as rhetorical images, are poor and vague. But a book has just been published full of "Similes for Sermons," of which I may say (as ancient Lotharios whisper into forbidden ears), "If we had met earlier, it would have altered my life." Fortified by "fifteen hundred" similes, I think I could have faced a congregation. Among so many, one would hope that no clergyman in the same town (or, worse still, in the same pulpit in the morning which one occupied oneself in the afternoon) would cull the same flower of fancy from this admirable work on the same day. That, of course, would be possible; there would just be what persons who would not be likely to be present at any such ecclesiastical catastrophe, would call the "off chance" of it.

In a northern town, in which it was once my privilege to dwell, there were two great preachers, who, though they doubtless loved one another, were not of the same persuasion, and between whom there existed a certain rivalry. Upon occasions of missionary enterprise and the like, great efforts, which were sometimes successful, were made to bring them both on the same platform; but—you may take a horse to water and yet not persuade him to drink!—a speech apiece was never got out of them. It was foolishly supposed (as in the case of Sydney Smith and Theodore Hook, who never met but once) that they were afraid of one another, and did not want comparisons to be drawn as to their respective gifts. But the real cause why one would not speak after the other was that each had a favourite metaphor of his own—it had a rock in it, and a sea-gull, and a lighthouse with a revolving light—and it was, unhappily, the same metaphor. Directly that revolving light made its appearance in the address of one of these divines the other lifted up the skirts of his robe and left the platform. False doctrine was bad enough, but only what one would expect; the infringement of copyright in metaphors was not to be endured.

THE COURT.

The Queen has taken walks and drives daily. Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne) and the Marquis of Lorne arrived at the castle on Feb. 20. Field-Marshal Lord Napier of Magdala, and the Right Hon. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, M.P., also arrived at the castle, and had the honour of dining with the Queen and the Empress Frederick and the Royal family. The Right Hon. Sir W. Marriott, Q.C., M.P., Judge Advocate-General, arrived at the castle on the 21st, and had an audience of her Majesty. The German Ambassador and Count Leyden, Secretary of Embassy, had the honour of dining with the Queen and the Empress Frederick and the Royal family. On the 22nd the Marquis and Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava and Lady Helen Blackwood arrived at the castle. The Marquis had an audience of her Majesty. The German Ambassador and the Marquis and Marchioness of Dufferin had the honour of dining with the Queen and the Empress Frederick and the Royal family. Lady Helen Blackwood had the honour of joining the Royal circle in the evening. The Eton College Musical Society, numbering about two hundred performers, had the honour of singing before her Majesty on the 23rd Stanford's setting of the Poet Laureate's "Revenge," and a selection of their school-songs (chiefly those that were given on the night of the torchlight manoeuvres on the occasion of her Majesty's Jubilee). The performance took place in St. George's Hall. Her Majesty expressed her approbation to the Rev. Dr. Warre, the head-master, and to Mr. Barnby, who conducted the music. Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne) and the Marquis of Lorne left the castle. The Greek Minister and Mr. Holzmann had the honour of dining with the Queen and the Empress Frederick and the Royal family. On Sunday morning, the 24th, the Queen, the Empress Frederick, and the Royal family and the members of the Royal household, attended Divine service in the private chapel. The Dean of Windsor officiated, assisted by Archdeacon Farrar, who preached the sermon. Sir Theodore Martin arrived at the castle, and had the honour of dining with the Queen and the Empress Frederick and the Royal family. General the Right Hon. Sir Henry and the Hon. Lady Ponsonby and the Ven. Archdeacon Farrar were also invited. The Queen and the Empress Frederick, with Princess Beatrice and Princesses Victoria, Sophie, and Margaret of Prussia, left Windsor Castle on the morning of the 25th, and arrived at Buckingham Palace at twelve, subsequently driving to the studio of Mr. Boehm to inspect the statue he is preparing of the Emperor Frederick. The Queen and the Empress Frederick afterwards paid a visit to the Duchess of Cambridge. The Empress held a farewell reception at Buckingham Palace later in the day to a select number of special friends. The Queen held the first Drawing-room of the season at Buckingham Palace on the 26th. There was a very large attendance. All the members of the Royal family and the ladies who are of the immediate Court circle wore deep mourning. The Princess of Wales and Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud of Wales dined with their Majesties the Queen and the Empress Frederick at Buckingham Palace. The Empress Frederick and Princesses Victoria, Sophie, and Margaret of Prussia left the palace shortly before six o'clock in the evening on their return to Germany. The Queen accompanied the Empress to Charing-Cross Station, where her Majesty and the Princess of Wales, Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud of Wales, Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne), the Duchess of Albany, Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, and the Marquis of Lorne took leave of the Empress Frederick and the Princesses.

The Prince of Wales went to Monte Carlo on Feb. 21, and spent two days at the villa of Sir Frederic Johnstone. He returned to Cannes on the 23rd; and on Sunday, the 24th, with the Duke of Cambridge, attended Divine service at St. George's Chapel, which was crowded. Sir Julian and Lady Goldsmid gave a dinner and reception in honour of the Prince and the Duke of Cambridge on the 25th. The time of their Royal Highnesses is fully bespoken for private engagements during their stay.—The Princess of Wales, accompanied by Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, arrived at Marlborough House on Feb. 23 from Sandringham. Miss Knollys and General Sir Dighton Probyn were in attendance. On Sunday morning, the 24th, the Princess of Wales, accompanied by her daughters, was present at Divine service. Her Royal Highness witnessed the performance at the Comedy Theatre on Feb. 26.

The Princess Mary Adelaide honoured the Dowager Duchess of Marlborough by her presence at dinner at her house in Grosvenor-square on Feb. 26.

The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh have arrived in Sicily from Malta. Their Royal Highnesses will stay in the island for some little time.

THE SILENT MEMBER.

The spectacle of the Lord Chancellor, wearing his black velvet three-cornered hat over his wig as he sat in more or less solemn grandeur on the woolsack, betokened that a somewhat ornate function awaited their Lordships when they reassembled for the evening sitting on the opening day of the fourth Session of her Majesty's Twelfth Parliament, on the Twenty-first of February. But, in these degenerate days, Peers do not seem to take kindly to their ceremonial duties. With the exception of the Marquis of Dufferin and Alva himself—who bore himself as befitted an ex-Viceroy of India, his tall, erect figure carrying the scarlet and ermine cloak with sufficient dignity—the procession of Peers escorting the noble Marquis to the table to take the oath of allegiance, certainly lacked stateliness. Sir Albert Woods, Garter King-at-Arms, was gorgeous enough in his brilliant heraldic coat; but his practised grace failed to inspire the berobed Duke of Norfolk, the Marquis of Salisbury, and Marquis of Ripon, not one of whom appeared at ease in his cumbersome robe. Lord Salisbury, indeed, a little later, fairly revelled in his old familiar long black coat when he joined his beaming colleague, Lord Cranbrook, on the front Ministerial bench, interchanged smiling remarks with the genial Lord President of the Council, and then lounged back to chat with the Duke of Richmond, seated immediately behind the Prime Minister. By the time Dr. Boyd Carpenter had been sworn in as Bishop of Ripon, and the much-talked-of Dr. King as Bishop of Lincoln, and Lord Halsbury had likewise exchanged salutations with these ecclesiastical dignitaries, the benches had become fairly well occupied. Clusters of Peers in the balconies to the right and left of the throne could feast their eyes on many of the most eminent members of the House of Lords, the gathering of Conservative Peers being notably large. Facing the Earl of Lathom, Lord Cross, the Duke of Rutland, Lord Cranbrook, the Marquis of Salisbury, Earl Cadogan, and Lord Ashbourne on the Ministerial bench were Earl Granville, Earl Spencer, the Marquis of Ripon, Lord Kimberley, the Earl of Rosebery, and other Opposition lieutenants; but there were several ugly gaps in the benches behind them.

The Earl of Lonsborough, gay in his scarlet Volunteer uniform, and Lord Penrhyn, similarly radiant in the costume of a Lord Lieutenant, were commendably earnest and brief in moving and seconding the Address with ability. Their Lordships fully merited the approving cheers of the House and the eulogiums of Earl Granville and the Premier. Lord Granville's speech (though heard with difficulty, owing to the noble Earl's confirmed habit of talking in a conversational tone across the table) was in matter a model of graceful criticism. It lashed the Chinese Minister into a gentle doze. Lord Granville's warm expression of condolence with the Emperor of Austria in his great sorrow (subsequently echoed by Lord Salisbury with marked sympathy) was followed by a smart running comment on the various ticklish questions that occupy the Foreign Office; by an emphatic disagreement with the sanguine view of Irish affairs taken in the Queen's Speech; and by a douche of cold water on the impending increased expenditure upon the Army and Navy. Earl Selborne quite startled the House by his vehement repudiation of the Irish policy of the noble Leader of the Opposition. If our ex-Lord Chancellor had by the saintlike nature of his utterances previously intimated that Nature intended his Lordship for a Prelate, he on this occasion plainly proved there was plenty of the old Adam in him. His angry voice rang through the House, and he emphasised his indignant periods with vigorous bangs of his right fist on his left hand. Evidently in the best of health, Lord Salisbury answered one after the other the arguments of Earl Granville with habitual clearness, force, and audibility. Stoutly defending Mr. Balfour's administration of the Crimes Act in Ireland, the Premier rather ridiculed what he termed the theatrical behaviour of Mr. William O'Brien in and out of prison. Quite in the old Beaconsfield manner, in conclusion, did the noble Marquis maintain that the integrity of the Empire should be upheld. Thus, in one short evening sitting, was the Address to the Throne sanctioned in the Upper House. When will the Commons emulate this dispatch?

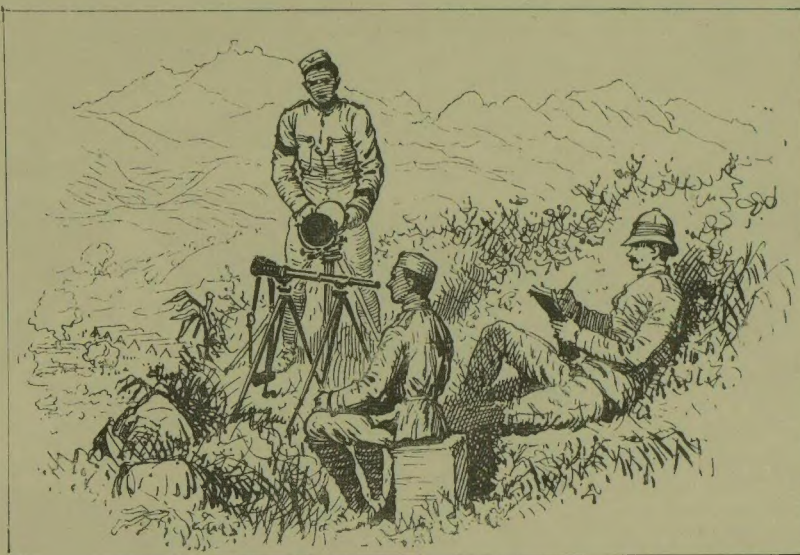
The opening sitting of the House of Commons was mainly noteworthy for the large number of notices of motion, and for the hearty reception given to Mr. Gladstone by the Irish members, and to Mr. Balfour by the Ministerialists. Mr. W. H. Smith, who appeared to be quite restored to robust health, also met with a deservedly cordial welcome. The first Lord of the Treasury possibly did not regret the absence of Lord Randolph Churchill from his corner seat next the gangway. If the truth could be known, Mr. Smith probably still regarded as his chief supports the Marquis of Hartington and Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, snugly ensconced in the corner of the front Opposition bench. These two redoubtable Liberal Unionist chiefs were flanked by their politically uncongenial ex-colleagues, Sir George Trevelyan, Mr. John Morley, Mr. Gladstone, Sir William Harcourt, and other Gladstonian Home Rulers.

It was observed that when Mr. Shaw-Stewart and Sir John Colomb had creditably acquitted themselves of the task of paraphrasing the Queen's Speech, and while the Speaker was performing the accustomed perfunctory duty of reading the Address, Mr. Gladstone bent eagerly forward, his right hand to his ear to hear the words of wisdom clearly. This slight difficulty in hearing seems to be the only infirmity Mr. Gladstone has acquired. He is otherwise as hale, upright, and as strong, mentally and physically, as ever. He is still the wonder of Parliament. Albeit he is in his eightieth year, there was Mr. Gladstone fresh as a lark, although he had but the previous evening returned at express speed from Cannes. The right hon. gentleman's holiday at Florence had manifestly done him a world of good. That was clear from the alacrity with which the veteran Liberal Leader sprang to his feet, and from his unimpaired erectness as he stood at the table, and, with unsurpassed rhetorical skill, commented dextrously on her Majesty's Address, reserving his condemnation on "Coercion" in Ireland for the debate on Mr. John Morley's amendment. Mr. Smith, in reply, was mildly apologetic in tone; but it will have been seen that his speech "read well," and was a plain, straightforward justification of the Government's actions and programme; the most weighty passage being that in which he gave reasons for additions to our means of National Defence.

A pleasing incident happened while Mr. Smith was speaking. Lord Hartington left his place, and shook hands cordially with Mr. Gladstone, with whom he engaged in friendly converse for a few minutes. A glad smile suffused Mr. Gladstone's face. Mr. T. P. O'Connor, sole guardian for the nonce of the Home-Rule benches, complacently regarded the amiable colloquy, which even induced Mr. Bradlaugh to plunge into an engrossing conversation with the courtly and courteous Sergeant-at-Arms.

Mr. Parnell (who might have been excused for feeling inly elated at the discomfiture of Mr. Pigott before the Special Commission) paved the way the next evening for Mr. John Morley by his energetic remonstrance with Mr. Balfour on the treatment of Mr. Carew, M.P., in an Irish prison—a remonstrance that brought the Secretary for Ireland up with the ready answer that every man sentenced to imprisonment should be treated as an ordinary criminal.

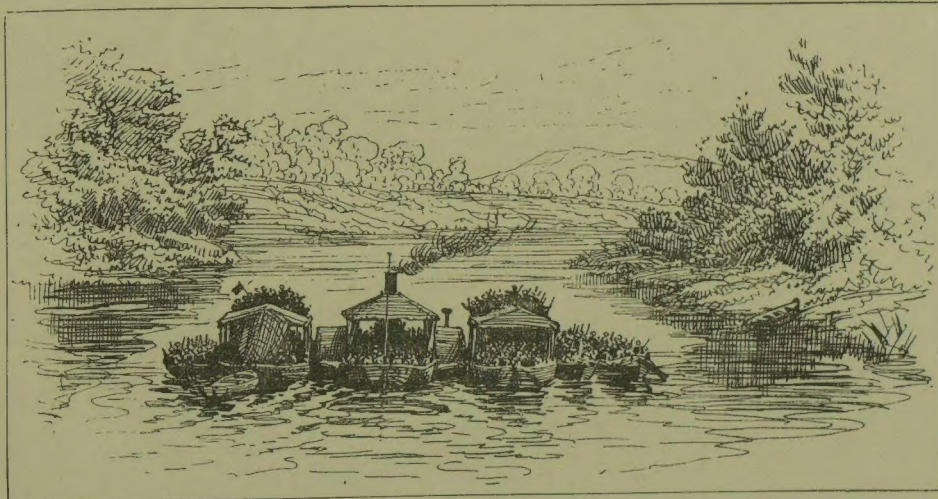
Mr. Richard Pigott's non-appearance before the "Parnell Commission" on the day for the resumption of the inquiry, and the latest disclosures of this remarkable personage, called "Dick, the Penman," have been the common topics of conversation in the House, as elsewhere. This prevailing theme obtruded itself into the debate on Mr. John Morley's amendment to the Address, declaring the present system of administration in Ireland to be harsh, oppressive, and unjust. Satirical cries of "Pigott! Pigott! Pigott!" came



THE LOOSHAI EXPEDITION: SIGNALLING PARTY OF 3RD GOORKHAS ABOVE THE CAMP AT DEMAGIRI.

Sketch by Lieutenant Pollen.

from the Irish members at awkward points in some Ministerial speeches. Mr. Morley's Parliamentary style has improved. In moving the amendment, on the Twenty-fifth of February (encouraged greatly by the cheers of Mr. Gladstone), Mr. Morley clothed his argument with flesh and blood, so to speak, and eloquently denounced the maltreatment in prison of Mr. William O'Brien and Mr. Carew. Mr. Balfour, as strong and notable a type of unbending Conservatism as Mr. Morley is of Radicalism, stuck to his guns. Amid Ministerial cheers the Secretary for Ireland courageously faced the murmuring body of Irish members, and stoutly maintained that members arrested under the Crimes Act were as deserving of the hardships of imprisonment as ordinary offenders. The right hon. gentleman was firmness itself. He steadily scrutinised the Parnellites through his pince-nez, and his tall, slender figure blanched not in the least beneath the file-firing ejaculations of



THE LOOSHAI EXPEDITION: TROOPS GOING UP THE KURNAPHULI RIVER.

Sketch by Lieutenant Pollen.

"Pigott! Pigott!" Mr. Balfour, in fine, held his own pluckily. He contended that the general condition of Ireland had materially improved under the system of "strong government." That there had been some degree of improvement Mr. Dillon granted the following evening, but his contention was that "Coercion" was not the cause. The Ministry was not to be shaken. Sure of their Unionist majority, the Government regarded the result of the debate as a foregone conclusion.

The copy of the Mazarin Bible which was in the library of Lord Hopetoun was sold by Messrs. George-street, Westminster, on Feb. 25, at Mr. Quaritch for £2000.

The Board of Trade have awarded a binocular-glass to Captain B. Harst, of the Dutch fishing-smack SCH 175, of Scheveningen, in acknowledgment of his humanity to the shipwrecked crew of the British smack Tantivy, of Lowestoft, which foundered in the North Sea on Feb. 9.

A meeting of the Council of the Rochester Diocesan Society was held on Feb. 25, at 26, Great George-street, Westminster, when grants were made for enlargement of Tooting Graveney church, £66; enlargement of Woolwich parish church, £103; for mission buildings in the parishes of St. Saviour, Battersea Park, £100; St. Andrew, Battersea, £12 10s. (for rent); St. Mary, Somers-town, £20 (for rent); St. James, Gravesend, £75; St. Matthew, Redhill, £50; and Longfield, £10; for parsonages for the parishes of St. Thomas, Woolwich, £50; All Saints, Battersea Park, £100; and St. John, Plumstead, £100; and for salaries of mission clergymen, Scripture-readers, and mission women, for the quarter ending Lady Day, £1130.

THE LOOSHAI EXPEDITION.

Indian frontier wars are apt to be looked upon rather askance by economists in this country. They are usually expensive, and in many instances the end achieved seems disproportionate to the expenditure of life and treasure. But in the case of this expedition, which is now on its way, the provocation has been such that some form of punishment was imperatively needed, if the security of life in British territory is to be maintained. The chiefs singled out for retribution are Housata and Sacota, of the Shindu clan, whose villages are within striking distance. A strong fort will be established in the Chittagong hills, and for this purpose only a small force will be necessary. The party sailed with the Simla from Calcutta on Jan. 10; it comprises a detachment of Madras Pioneers, a mountain battery, signallers under Captain Brown and Lieutenant Dillon, Sappers under Major Leach, and a survey party under Lieutenant Pollen, of the Royal Engineers; with detachments of commissariat followers, and Surgeon Major-Seaman, with a hospital establishment. Our Illustrations comprise Sketches by Lieutenant Pollen, which represent a signalling party of the 3rd Goorkhas, under Captain A. G. Brown, above the camp at Demagiri; and the expedition in two "flats" and three "country boats," lashed abreast of the paddle-steamer, making its way up the river Kurnaphuli, from the Chittagong coast, which lies nearly opposite to the mouths of the Ganges on the north-east shore of the Bay of Bengal. The shipment of elephants on board the hired transport Simla, at Calcutta, is the subject of a Sketch by another correspondent, Lieutenant H. W. G. Cole, of the 2nd Goorkhas, who contributes also that of a breakfast in the early morning on the march of the troops in Chittagong.

DEER ISLAND, LOCH LOMOND.

The Exhibition of the Dudley Gallery Art Society, at the Egyptian Hall, was duly noticed in our chronicle of those affairs. Among the pictures are several by the President, Mr. Walter Severn, and his brother, Mr. Arthur Severn, whose father, many years British Consul at Rome, is kindly remembered by many old visitors to the Eternal City, from times long before it was the capital of the kingdom of Italy, as one whose friendly assistance to his countrymen, especially to those in sickness and distress, will demand their gratitude so long as they live. Mr. Joseph Severn's character for these amiable virtues, indeed, stands on literary record in the classical instance of his devoted attendance at the deathbed of John Keats, described by Lord Houghton in the biography of the youthful poet. Both the sons, who have inherited the family taste and talent for art, hold a position of recognised merit as English painters; and the work of Mr. Walter Severn, "Deer Island, Loch Lomond," represented in our Engraving, is a lovely scene on the most beautiful of the Scottish lakes, with which our readers will surely be pleased. Mr. Walter Severn contributes to this Exhibition five other views of Scotland; while Mr. Arthur Severn's picture is a "Summer Moonlight" scene. There are many landscapes by different members of the Society at the gallery still open, which are quite worthy of notice, and the opportunity of seeing them should not be neglected.

THE SLAVE TRADE IN AFRICA.

Commander Cameron recently gave an address on "Central Africa; its People and its Slave Trade," to a large meeting held at Toynbee Hall, Whitechapel. The chairman (Mr. Ernest Hart) said that Commander Cameron was one of the first pioneers in Africa, and had done what no other man had ever done. He walked across Central Africa, entering at Zanzibar and coming out at Benguela. This took him three years, during two of which he did not see a single white man.

Commander Cameron, in the course of his address, showed, by means of a large map, the vast districts which had been depopulated by the slave trade—a trade which he said cost Africa 6000 lives every day of the year. Slaves were sent principally to Algiers, Tripoli, and lately into Egypt. The Arabs conducting the caravans sustained themselves by selling slaves to the tribes through which they passed. In the neighbourhood of the Congo, as the ivory trade died out, and men were not wanted as porters, they were killed, and the women and children were sold as slaves. He intended to work his utmost and do all he could to put a stop to the vile traffic. Providence had drawn a water-line from the north to the south of Africa by the Nile, Lakes Nyanza, Tanganyika, and Nyassa, to the mouth of the Zambezi. He suggested that throughout this line stations should be formed, and that steamers should keep guard up and down the waterway, and so cut off the slave-supplying districts from the east. If the outlet to the slave trade

was stopped there would be no need for fighting to put a stop to it. He called upon every one to use his moral influence to induce England to take the lead in stopping the slave trade.

The lecturer was accorded a hearty vote of thanks.

The Salters' Company have presented to the Corporation of London for their Art Gallery at Guildhall a fine painting by Mr. P. Morris, A.R.A., entitled "A Storm on Albion's Coast."

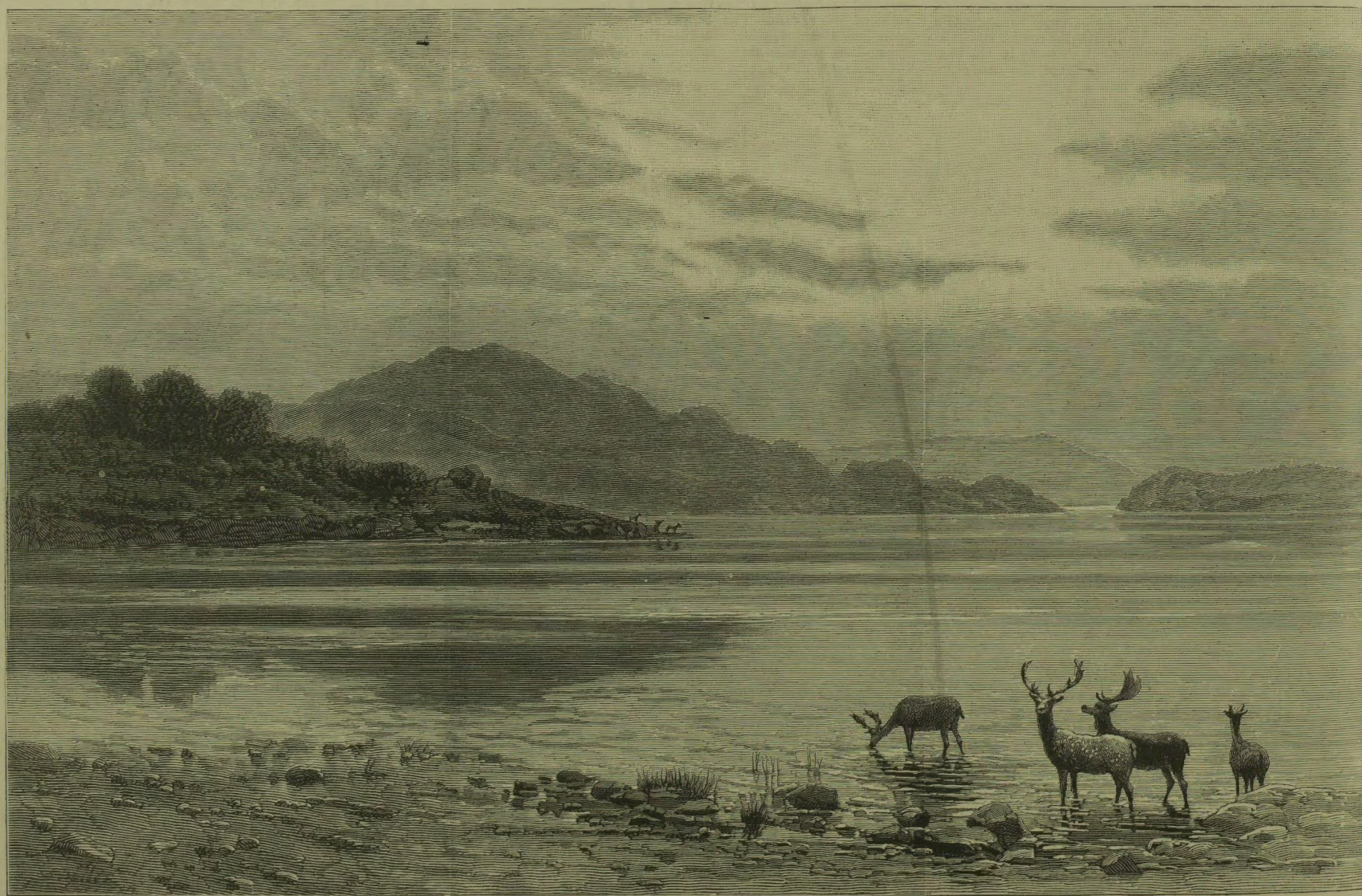
The London Horse-Show, in which prizes are offered by the Royal Commission on Horse-Breeding, the Royal Agricultural Society, and other powerful associations, was opened at the Agricultural Hall on Feb. 26.

The two Houses of Convocation assembled at Westminster on Feb. 26. The Upper House met in close session, and subsequently held an open session. In the Lower House, a report on the prevalence of gambling and betting was read. The House of Laymen also met, Lord Selborne presiding; and a letter was read from the Archbishop of Canterbury suggesting questions on which their counsel would be useful.

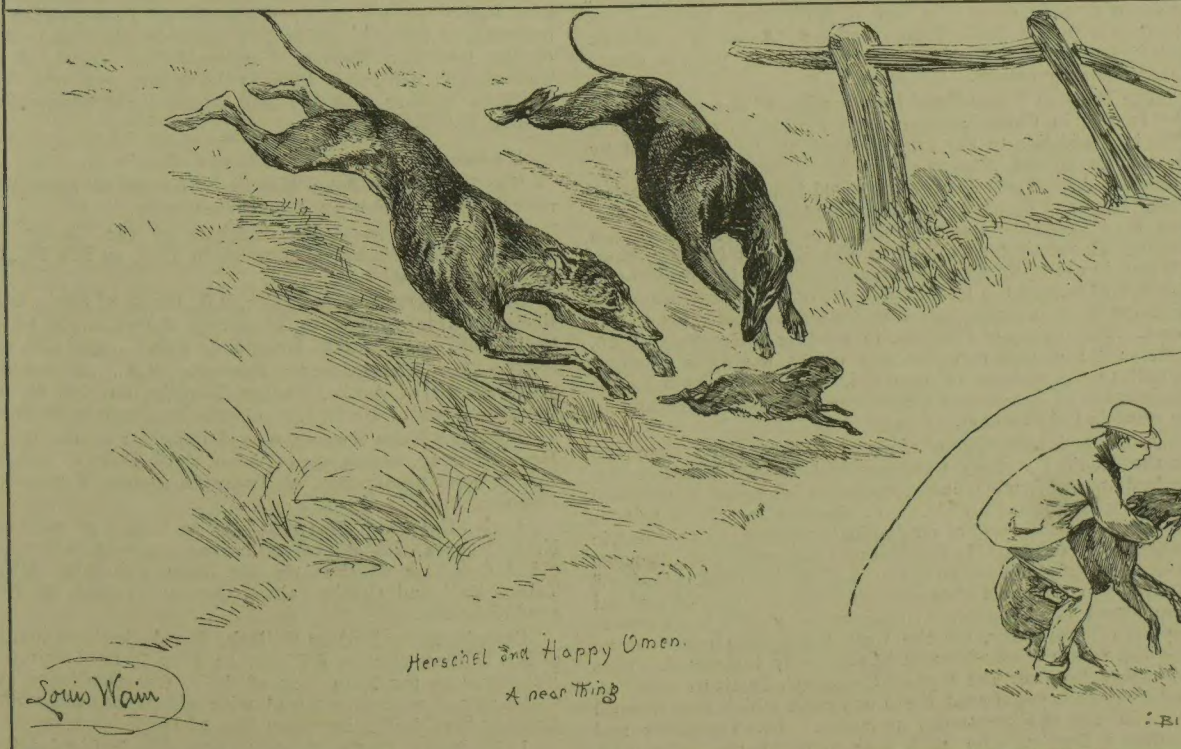
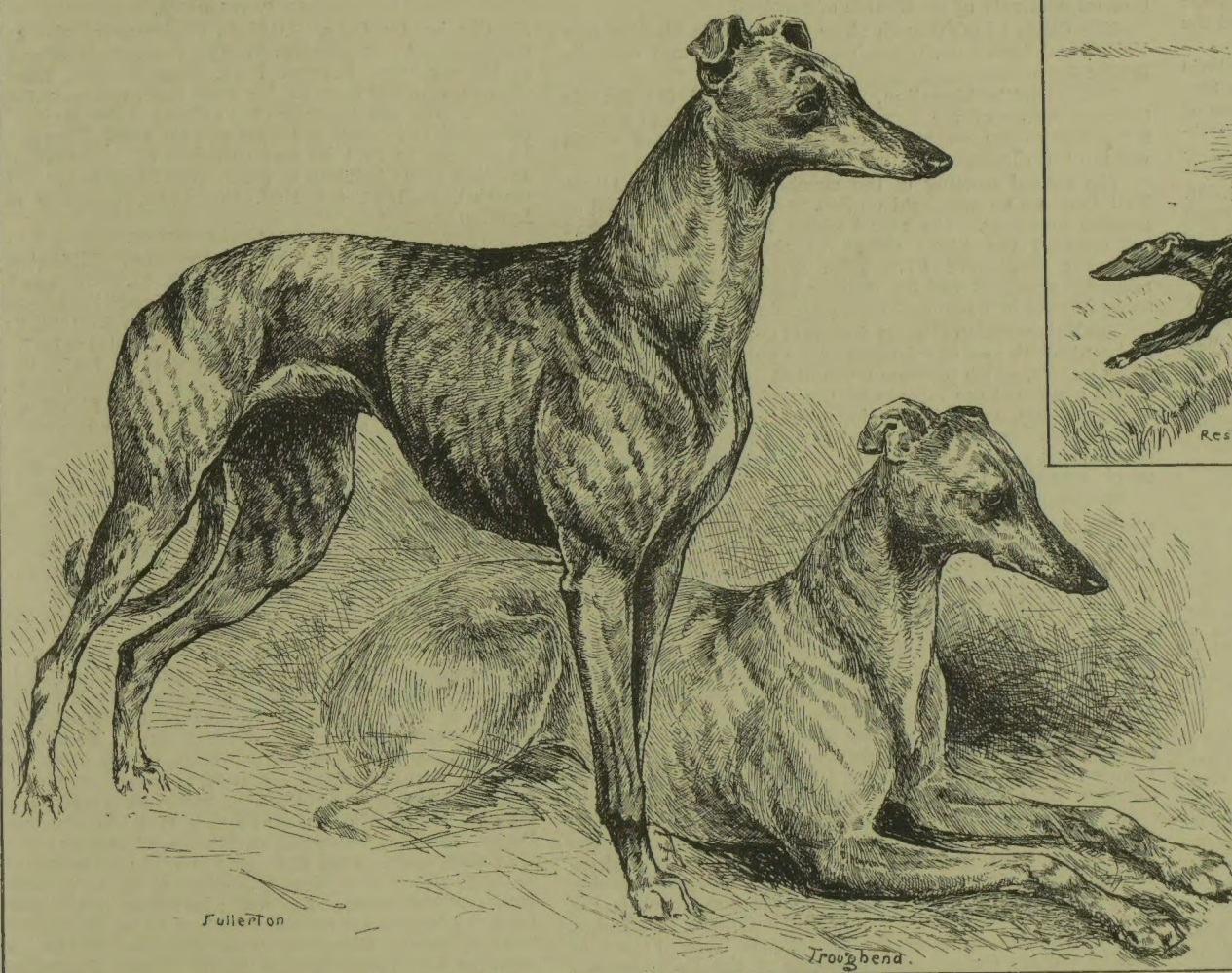
The entertainment at Brompton Hospital on Feb. 26 consisted of songs delightfully rendered by Mr. Lawrence Kellie, and encored; a buffo song and stories told with great effect by Mr. Lionel Brough, also redemanded; a band of mandolines and guitar, also greatly applauded; with songs, duets, and trios by the Misses Byng and Master Longman. There was also comic-singing by Mr. H. Brandram, and a reading by the Hon. and Rev. Francis Byng, to whose ever-ready kindness the patients, who were present in large numbers, owed this very pleasant evening.



THE LOOSHAI EXPEDITION: BREAKFAST ON THE MARCH IN THE EARLY MORNING.
FROM A SKETCH BY LIEUT. H. W. G. COLE, 2ND GOORKHAS.



DEER ISLAND, LOCH LOMOND.
PICTURE IN THE DUDLEY GALLERY BY WALTER SEVERN.



MUSIC.

The Crystal Palace Saturday afternoon concert of Feb. 23 brought forward—for the first time in England—Professor C. V. Stanford's fourth orchestral symphony, a work which has been recently performed with great success at Berlin. The symphony is intended to illustrate the motto "Through youth to strife, Through death to life," and comprises four movements, in each of which there is much effective and characteristic writing, although the work can scarcely be said thoroughly to fulfil the deep metaphysical significance of its motto. The opening "allegro" is appropriately joyous and buoyant in style; the "intermezzo" and trio are animated if not altogether strident, and the slow movement is impressive; but the closing movement, although elaborate and well wrought, scarcely reaches the sublime climax implied by the title of the symphony. The work was finely played by the orchestra conducted by Manns, and was warmly received by the audience. The concert included a fine performance by Miss Fanny Davies of Reinecke's pianoforte concerto in F sharp minor; and a highly dramatic rendering, by Mdlle. Fillunger, of Beethoven's scena "Ah! perfido!" The date of the concert having coincided with that of the anniversary of the birth of Handel, the programme included the overture to his oratorio "Saul."

At the afternoon Popular Concert at St. James's Hall, on Feb. 23, Edvard Grieg, the Norwegian composer and pianist, appeared in both capacities. As pointed out on previous occasions, his music has a distinctive character of Northern romanticism, and his playing is that of an intellectual artist. These qualities were again manifested in the instance now referred to, when he played two of his very characteristic pieces, entitled "Scenes from National Life," and the pianoforte part of his sonata, with violoncello (Op. 36), in association with Signor Piatti. Madame Grieg, although under the influence of a cold, contributed, with much effect, some of her husband's expressive lieder; and string quartets by Spohr and Haydn (led by Madame Néruda) completed the programme.—At the evening concert, on Feb. 25, M. Grieg was again the solo pianist, and Madame Grieg the vocalist; compositions by the former having been comprised in the programme, which included the co-operation of Madame Néruda as leading violinist.

The fourth of the present series of Novello's Oratorio Concerts at St. James's Hall brought forward, for the first time in London, Dr. Mackenzie's new cantata, "The Dream of Jubal." The work was composed for the jubilee of the Liverpool Philharmonic Society, and was produced by that institution with great success on Feb. 5. In the London performance the solo vocalists were Misses Macintyre and L. Neal, Mr. Lloyd and Mr. A. Black; the recited text having been delivered by Mr. C. Fry. Dr. Mackenzie conducted. Of the merits of his new work and of its performance we must speak hereafter.

The recent concert of the Royal Choral Society—the seventh of the present season—could only before be briefly mentioned by us. It brought forward (as already said) Signor Mancinelli's "Isaiah," a sacred cantata that was originally produced at the Norwich Festival of 1887. The work was given on the occasion above referred to for the first time in London, when two of the solo vocalists—Miss L. Little and Mr. B. McGuckin—were the same as at Norwich; the others, on the later occasion, having been Madame Nordica, Mr. A. Marsh, and Mr. L. Williams. All these artists were efficient in their respective degrees. Prominent among the effective pieces at the Albert Hall were the duet for Anna and Judith, the opening chorus, the first finale, and the chorus of maidens in the second part. The work was well rendered throughout, especially in its important choral details; Mr. Barnby having conducted with care and judgment. As at the Norwich performance the impression produced was that the work is conceived rather in a dramatic (sometimes even a theatrical) than a sacred style, some of the vocal writing possessing much of that melodious suavity which is peculiar to the Italian school. Mr. Barnby's psalm, "The Lord is King," was given at the same concert.

The closing performance of the third series of Mr. Henschel's London Symphony Concerts at St. James's Hall was of special interest, as having included two masterpieces which will survive long after the meretricious novelties by which, of late years, the attention of the public has been so largely and unworthily diverted from the productions of the great masters of the past. The programme now referred to comprised Mendelssohn's "Walpurgis Night" music and Beethoven's Choral Symphony. Of the performances we must speak hereafter.

The last of the two vocal recitals given by Mr. and Mrs. Henschel at Prince's Hall, on Feb. 22, comprised a copious selection of compositions by the former, which were effectively rendered by himself, Mrs. Henschel, Miss L. Little, Miss M. Hall, Mr. W. Shakespeare, and Mr. Max Heinrich.

Mr. J. T. Carrodus's first drawing-room concert at the new Hampstead Conservatoire Hall was given on Feb. 25, with a good programme, including the co-operation of one eminent violinist and other skilful artists.

The third of young Otto Hegner's pianoforte recitals at St. James's Hall, on Feb. 25, again put forth a programme calculated to manifest his intellectual command of various schools and styles, as well as his technical skill.

The latest of Mr. John Boosey's London Ballad Concerts at St. James's Hall was an evening performance, at which a selection of Sir Arthur Sullivan's songs and ballads was given, including some from the comic operas produced by him in association with Mr. W. S. Gilbert.

That accomplished young pianist Miss Dora Bright's second recital at Prince's Hall (on Feb. 27) again offered a programme of varied and well-contrasted interest.

Madame Adelina Patti was announced for another last appearance at a concert at the Royal Albert Hall on Feb. 28; this having been advertised as "positively her final appearance in London," that is, before starting on her American tour. The programme comprised several of the prima donna's favourite pieces and other attractions.

Miss Hope Temple—so favourably known by many successful vocal pieces—announced a concert at Steinway Hall, on Feb. 28, at which an attractive programme was provided.

At a recent concert of the Stock Exchange Orchestra Society, a new symphony, composed by Mr. J. F. H. Read, was successfully produced. It is entitled "Evangeline," and is an effective illustration of the leading sentiments of the poem.

Mr. Isidore De Lara gave a vocal recital on Feb. 27 at Steinway Hall; and Miss Isabelle Davies and Miss Mary Robertson announced an evening concert in the same hall on March 2.

One of Mr. W. Carter's grand national concerts at the Royal Albert Hall was announced for March 1, in celebration of St. David's Day.

The Earl of Kintore was entertained on Feb. 25 to a farewell dinner, previous to his leaving for South Australia, by the Junior Constitutional Club, Lord Balfour of Burleigh presiding.

THE WATERLOO COURSING MEETING.

The annual coursing competition at Altcar, near Liverpool, celebrated for the Waterloo Stakes, Cup, Purse, and Plate, which bring into the field the best greyhounds in the United Kingdom, was held on Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, Feb. 20, and two following days. The Waterloo Cup day was favoured with fine spring weather, and the contest was one of the most exciting for some years past. There were sixty-four subscribers of £25 each, and the money was divided into a first prize of £500, a second prize of £200, and thirty smaller prizes; with the Purse of £215, distributed in sixteen prizes, the highest £75, among the dogs unsuccessful in the Cup running; and with the Plate share of the stakes, £145, bestowed in like manner for consolation. The prime honours of the meeting were gained by Colonel North with two wonderful brindled dog puppies—namely, Fullerton (by Greentick out of Bit of Fashion, born in April, 1887), for which the Colonel paid the great price of 850 guineas; and his half-brother Troughend (out of Toledo, born in January, 1887), which the Colonel bought for 470 guineas. Fullerton won the Cup, beating Mr. T. D. Hornby's dog Herschel in the fourth tie; while Troughend, in a very fine race, defeated Mr. A. J. S. Dixon's Danger Signal; so that both the first and second Cup prize went to Colonel North. The first Purse prize was taken by Lord Sefton's Highness; and Sir R. Jardine, with his Glenogle, was the chief winner of the Plate. Our Artist's Sketches are those of the spectators enduring a shower of rain that fell smartly one of the days; the portraits of Colonel North's two famous dogs; and several minor incidents of the coursing, in which the greyhounds are let slip, by couples, in pursuit of the hares. Mr. G. F. Fawcett's Fenton Fairy, Mr. Hale's Happy Omen, Mr. W. J. Ingram's Rotula, Mr. J. H. Bibby's Blue Blood, and Mr. J. Hinks's Hartington, were among the winners of some shares in the Cup and Purse distribution. The sport was, on the whole, remarkably good. Mr. Hedley acted as judge.

The Queen has been pleased to approve of the appointment of the Earl of Hopetoun to be Lord High Commissioner to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland.

The Collie Club's fourth show was held in St. Stephen's Hall, Royal Aquarium, Westminster, on Feb. 26 and two following days.

Mrs. Griffith Llewellyn, sister of General Sir Francis Grenfell, Sirdar of the Egyptian Army, has handed a cheque for £5000 to the Swansea Hospital, the new wing of which was built at the expense of her late husband.

The annual meeting of the members of the Royal Albert Hall Corporation was held on Feb. 25 at the hall, the Earl of Lathom presiding. The report stated that the revenue had extinguished the £1022 deficit of the previous year, and showed a surplus of £770. The Duke of Edinburgh was re-elected president, and the retiring members of the council as well as the hon. auditors were reappointed.

The Mohammedan Literary Society of Calcutta has celebrated its twenty-fifth year of existence by the publication of a sketch of its history, which presents much that is interesting. This sketch glances at the labours of the society in promoting, by conversational, monthly meetings, and lectures, the study of such subjects as the uses of history, the origin of newspapers, commerce, arts, agriculture, electricity and the electric telegraph, combustion, and so forth.

The annual court of the Corporation for Clothing, Maintaining, and Educating Poor Orphans of Clergymen of the Established Church was held on Feb. 25, in the board-room of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel—the Archbishop of Canterbury presiding. The report of the committee stated that, mainly by the efforts of the secretary, the Rev. T. W. Gibson, there had been a large increase in the donations during the past year, but the amount derived from offertories had fallen off. Thirty-one candidates had been elected during the year; and a large number—several of whom had neither father nor mother—were awaiting election.

The preachers in Westminster Abbey on Sundays in March are:—3rd, at ten a.m., in choir, the Rev. James Macarthur, Vicar of St. Mary's, Westminster. 10th, at ten a.m., in choir, the Rev. H. Aldrich Cotton, Minor Canon; at seven p.m., in choir, the Dean. 17th, at ten a.m., in choir, the Rev. H. M. Ellis, Curate of Beaulieu, Hants; at seven p.m., in choir, the Rev. G. W. Gent, Principal of St. Mark's Training College, Chelsea. 24th, at ten a.m., in choir, the Rev. Edward Venables, Vicar of St. John's, Drury-lane; at seven p.m., in choir, the Rev. F. Wallis, Dean and Tutor of Caius College, Cambridge. 31st, at ten a.m., in choir, the Rev. Charles Gore, Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford, and Librarian of the Pusey House; at seven p.m., in choir, the Rev. F. J. Chavasse, Rector of St. Peter-le-Bailey, Oxford. Canon Furze, as Canon in residence, will be the minister in the afternoon (at three p.m., in choir) throughout the month.

The Mansion House Fund for the relief of the sufferers by the famine in China amounted on Feb. 23 to over £16,000. This is in addition to the kindred fund now being raised by the China Inland Mission, to which £4000 has been contributed. A telegram has been received from Shanghai stating that "frightful distress existed in Shantung and Manchuria," and that assistance was urgently required. On Feb. 21 an influential meeting was held in the Mayor's Parlour, Manchester, in aid of the fund, and was addressed by Sir Thomas Wade, K.C.B., and the Rev. F. Storrs Turner, representing the Mansion House Committee. About £800 was collected in the room. The Bishop of Durham, in sending a donation of £5, writes: "I cannot conceive any object having a stronger appeal to the citizens of England," and has written to the Archdeacon of his diocese suggesting that collections should be made in the churches.

A most interesting soirée was held a short time ago at the Medical Battery Company and Zander Institute, 52, Oxford-street, W., when numerous guests interested in electrical science were invited by Mr. C. B. Harness to witness various experiments in the way of mechanical exercises and the electric treatment of disease. In the course of the evening Mr. Harness delivered a brief address on the work of the institute. "Owing," he said, "to the want of opportunity, the majority of medical men found it impossible to study satisfactorily the curative powers of electricity, for the United Kingdom possessed no hospital where students could be efficiently instructed. That deficiency, however, the Battery Company's Institute supplied, and physicians could send there any cases which they deemed suitable for the treatment provided. Dr. Vigoureux and Professor Loreau, who held high rank at the Salpêtrière Hospital in Paris, were, in conjunction with himself, responsible for the direction of the institute, and their desire was to work in harmony with medical men instead of in opposition to them." After some other remarks from Dr. Leeson, the guests were conducted through the building, and were greatly interested in the ingenious electrical appliances shown to them. The mechanical devices associated with the Zander system were also displayed. These consist of various mechanisms by means of which healthy exercise can be enjoyed without any violent exertion or over-fatigue.

OBITUARY.

LORD DUNSANY.

The Right Hon. Edward Plunkett, sixteenth Lord Dunsany, of Dunsany Castle, in the county of Meath, in the Peerage of Ireland, died on Feb. 22, at Hastings. He was the younger son of Edward Wadding, fourteenth Lord Dunsany, by his marriage with the Hon. Charlotte Louisa Lawless, youngest daughter of Nicholas, first Lord Cloncurry, and was born Nov. 29, 1808. He succeeded to the title, as sixteenth Lord, on the death of his brother in 1852. Lord Dunsany entered the Royal Navy in 1823, and attained the rank of Admiral in 1877. He served on the coast of Spain during the Civil War, from 1835 to 1840, and was decorated with the first class of the Order of San Fernando. He was a representative Peer for Ireland, and a Deputy Lieutenant and Justice of the Peace for the county of Meath. His Lordship married, Sept. 22, 1846, the Hon. Anne Constance Dutton, third daughter of John, second Lord Sherborne, and leaves by her, who died June 27, 1858, surviving issue, two sons and two daughters. The elder son, the Hon. John William Plunkett, M.P. for Gloucester, now seventeenth Lord Dunsany, was born Aug. 31, 1853, and married, April 3, 1877, Ernle Elizabeth Maria Grosvenor, only child of the late Colonel Francis Plunkett Burton, Coldstream Guards, by Sarah Frances, his wife, daughter and coheir of Mr. John Sawbridge-Ernie-Drax, M.P., of Charborough Park, in the county of Dorset, and has issue. The Plunketts are a very ancient and historic family in Ireland, in which kingdom there are three peerages of the name—Fingall, Louth, and Dunsany.



SIR C. DU CANE.

Sir Charles Du Cane, K.C.M.G., Chairman of the Board of Customs, and formerly Governor of Tasmania, died on Feb. 25, at his residence, Braxted Park, near Witham, Essex. Sir Charles, who had been ill for some time, was sixty-four years of age. He was member of Parliament for Maldon in the Conservative interest in 1852-3, and for North Essex in 1857-68. From 1868 to 1874 he was Governor of Tasmania, and since 1878 has been Chairman of the Board of Customs. Sir Charles married, in 1863, the Hon. Georgiana, daughter of Lord Lyndhurst.

GENERAL ELKINGTON.

Lieutenant-General John Henry Ford Elkington, C.B., Governor of Guernsey, died on Feb. 21. He was born in 1830, and was the son of Mr. James Goodall Elkington. He entered the Army in 1846, became Captain in 1854, Major in 1856, Lieutenant-Colonel in 1858, Colonel in 1867, Major-General in 1877, and Lieutenant-General in 1887. He served with distinction in the Kaffir Wars of 1847 and 1851-2, during which he was present at the operations in the Fish River, Water Kloof, Amatolas, and Transkei Expeditions in command of the Light Company. He served as Assistant-Quartermaster-General to the Ottoman Contingent from 1855-6, and as Aide-de-Camp to Sir John Michel during the Indian Mutiny in 1858, and with the China Expeditionary Force in 1860. He was rewarded for his bravery with three medals with clasps, the Fourth Class of the Medjidieh and the Turkish medal, and was made C.B. in 1881. He was Deputy-Adjutant-General at Headquarters, 1880-5, and Governor of Guernsey from 1885 to the time of his death. He married, in 1865, Miss Margaret Jamieson.

MAJOR-GENERAL MUNDY.

Major-General Pierrepont Henry Mundy, late Royal Horse Artillery, of Castle Townshend, in the county of Cork, and of Dingle, in the county of Kerry, died on Feb. 16, at Thornbury House, near Gloucester, aged seventy-three. He was the third son of General Godfrey Basil Mundy, of Bramcote, Notts, by the Hon. Sarah Brydges, his wife, youngest daughter of the famous Admiral Lord Rodney, and was grandson of Mr. Edward Miller Mundy, of Shipley Hall, in the county of Derby. He was educated at the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, and entered the Army in 1833; he became Captain in 1845, Major and Lieutenant-Colonel in 1855, Colonel in 1858, and Major-General in 1867; he retired in the latter year. He was a Magistrate for the county of Cork. He married first, in 1859, Harriet Georgina, eldest daughter of the late Vice-Admiral Sir George Tyler, K.H., of Cottrell, Glamorganshire, and widow of Mr. E. P. Richards, of Plas Newydd; and secondly, in 1870, Geraldine Henrietta, daughter and coheir of the late Rev. Maurice FitzGerald Townshend, of Castle Townshend; and leaves issue by the former, two sons. General Mundy's brother was the late Admiral Sir George Rodney Mundy, G.C.B.

We have also to record the deaths of—

The Rev. Canon John Hamilton, Rector of Annaghdown, near Galway, on Feb. 19, aged seventy-nine.

Harriet, last surviving daughter of Sir George Hilars Barlow, G.C.B., created a Baronet in 1803, on Feb. 10, in her eighty-third year.

The Rev. Arthur Gore Ryder, D.D., Canon of Christ Church, Rector of Donnybrook, in the county of Dublin, and Chaplain to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, on Feb. 21, aged sixty-four.

The Rev. Bartholomew Edwards, M.A., for seventy-six years Rector of Ashill, Watton, Norfolk, on Feb. 21, in his hundredth year. He was the oldest clergyman in England.

Elizabeth Mona Murray, second daughter of the late Lord Henry Murray, fourth son of John, third Duke of Athole, on Feb. 9, aged ninety-two, at Lancelyn House, Milverton-hill, Leamington.

Anne Eliza Mary, Lady Redington, widow of Sir Thomas N. Redington, K.C.B., of Killoonan, county Galway, and eldest daughter of the late Mr. John Hyacinth Talbot, of Talbot Hall and Castle Talbot, County Wexford, on Feb. 9, aged sixty-five.

Captain Harry Borlase Willock, Royal Engineers, only son of Mr. William Borlase Willock, on Feb. 7, aged thirty-four. He served in the Zulu War of 1879, was mentioned in despatches, and received a medal with clasp; was also with the Railway Staff in the Egyptian War of 1882.

Lady Gavan Duffy (Louisa), wife of Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, K.C.M.G., who originated the *Nation* newspaper, and eldest daughter of Mr. George Hall, of Rockferry, in the county of Chester, on Feb. 17, at her residence, Villa Frenchinelli, Nice, aged thirty-two.

Lieutenant-Colonel John Huskisson, Royal Marines, on Feb. 21, at Hermit's Lea, Milverton, near Leamington, in his seventieth year. He entered the Army in 1838, and became Lieutenant-Colonel in 1879. He served on the coast of Syria in 1840, and in China and at Canton during the war in 1856. He received two medals with clasps, and the Turkish medal.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

M. Pierre Leclercq has written a play that has in it some fine moments: the author has clearly the dramatic instinct well developed: but "A Love Story" is scarcely fashioned in that neat, compact, and logical form that London audiences are apt to insist on. Like so many young authors, he bases his whole play on a startling improbability. He places before us an interesting youth and maiden who are thrown into one another's society, who live under the same roof, and who mutually love one another in secret. There is a sufficient reason for this. Both are proud and somewhat fantastically independent. The lad is a young author who does not desire to declare himself until he has obtained fame and fortune; the girl, penniless and sentimental, thinks it unmaidenly—as so many silly girls do—to show what her heart is telling her, and "lets concealment, like a worm i' the bud, feed on her damask cheek." At last the author becomes famous and the imaginative maiden is awakened to action. They love one another, and fall into the arms awaiting them. Meanwhile, the girl has inherited a fortune, and the news of her good luck is accidentally contained in a letter now in her lover's pocket, which he had opened by mistake. Will it be believed that the girl, who hitherto had no suspicion of her lover's conduct and who adores him, not only gives him up as a base and discreditable fortune-seeker, but before his very eyes accepts as her future husband a man she detests? This situation, on which the interest of the play depends, is an absurd one, for audiences refuse to believe in stories founded on inherent improbabilities. If, then, the silly maiden marries in haste she certainly does not repent at leisure, for on her marriage-night she tells her husband she loathes him, and by a merciful providence has fixed her honeymoon abode at the mountain lodgings in North Wales that belong to her cast-off lover. At this point the interest of the play revives. The husband, who is a forger and scoundrel, commits suicide, and in a very ingenious scene the wife is led to believe that she has murdered him. It is the well-known initial motive in "The Silver King" cleverly reharmonised. And that is not all. For in order to pile up the agony the rejected lover, believing that his loved one is a murderess, takes the blame on his own shoulders and declares "I did it!" This situation, as old as the hills, is always effective, though it never fails to bring with it a chain of improbabilities. It need not be said that this very same situation occurs in the last Princess's melodrama, "Good Old Times." Rumour asserts that it is intended to take "A Love Story" into the provinces, where no doubt it will be made welcome. Miss Janet Achurch is an actress of power and promise. She has much to learn and unlearn. Nature has been her friend in giving her good looks, a sympathetic style, and rare emotional gifts. As a rule, modern actresses are cold and destitute of heart. Miss Achurch, on the other hand, is inclined to exaggerate her natural enthusiasm. Nothing could well be better than her love-scene with Mr. Leonard Cautley, her fine dramatic expression in the scene between the husband and wife, and the touching bit of business that ends the play. As the villain, Mr. Charles Charrington is both effective and clever. He is not as yet a practised actor; but he is far more intelligent than most young artists, and evidently loves his work.

And now one word about the absurd custom of over-dressing on the stage that has come to a very ridiculous point. In play after play actresses are permitted by their managers or themselves insist upon wearing gowns that for extravagance, excess, and ugliness surpass anything that the human eye has ever seen or that the human mind could conceive. This tribute to vulgarity is becoming the laughing-stock of the wise. No matter where the scene is placed, or what the character that is interpreted, whether the scene be laid in Brixton or Belgravia, in Hoxton or Hyde Park, fashionable actresses, as they are called, encouraged by silly women, dress up as smart "as a dog at a fair." Miss Achurch, in this play, revels in æsthetic buffoonery, goes on a honeymoon trip in a geranium-red cloak covered with cabalistic devices that would frighten the fiercest bull in the arena at Madrid, and dies in a gorgeous arrangement of white satin and lace that would be out of place at a millionaire's wedding. If this be holding up the mirror to Nature, it must indeed be cracked. But in these days of so-called realism is it not astonishing that women should dress on the stage as they never could or would dress in actual life? In fact, scene-painters do all that they can to imitate nature, and actresses do everything possible to distort art.

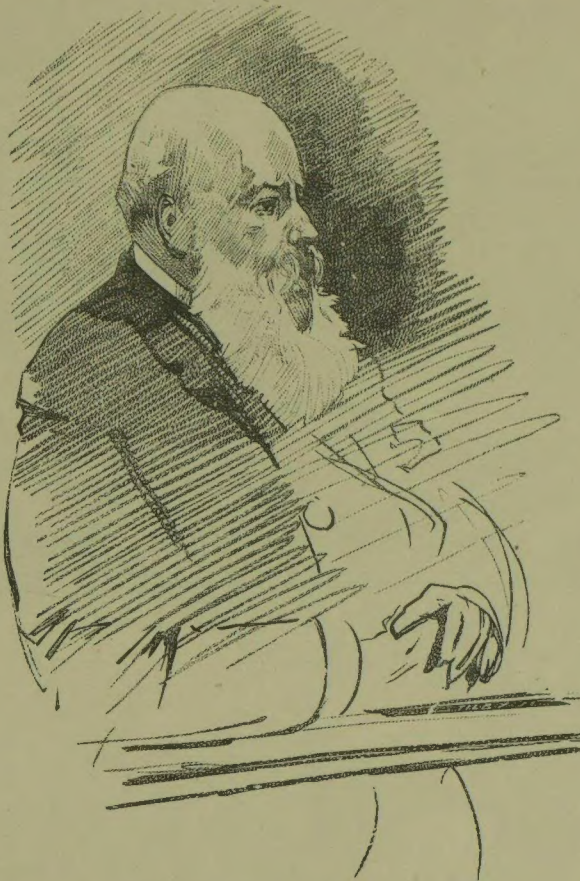
Mr. Richard Mansfield has passed round an extraordinary communication which is another instance of the self-sufficiency of the actor. He confesses that he is amused that anyone could trace any "American accent" in the company that he has brought over from the United States. He owns that the acute ear might detect something like an Irish brogue or a "Lancashire burr"; but ridiculous as absurd the theory of critics that there is a trace of Americanism in one single individual of Mr. Mansfield's company. Mr. Mansfield forgets that he comes over here, on his own confession, to court English criticism. When it is satisfactory to him he believes in it; when it does not suit him he falls foul of it. In America, the "English accent," as it is called, is said to be as detestable as is the American accent over here. There is no prejudice whatever against American actors or actresses in this country. The enthusiasm caused by the appearance of such artists as Mr. Jefferson and Miss Ada Rehan, and many others, is a proof of this. But we are not always prepared to take American artists at their own valuation, and when they assert that they talk the purest possible English—well, it is rather funny. Pure-bred English men and women do not always talk the best English on the stage; but they talk it better than the average American, after all.

Mr. G. Woodcock, a solicitor of Coventry, who recently gave £10,000 to the restoration fund of St. Michael's Church, Coventry, has now offered one-fourth of the sum required to complete the work, as well as one-half of the cost of a campanile to be erected alongside the existing tower.

The twenty-ninth annual report of the National Rifle Association states that the total revenue receipts last year amounted to £25,981, being £267 less than in 1887. The council relied upon the income of the year being fully maintained, more particularly having regard to the announcement that the meeting would be the last at Wimbledon, but regret a continued falling off in subscriptions. After noting that the scoring at Wimbledon was "remarkable" last year, the report goes on to state that the number of entries, 41,570 (exclusive of pools), was the highest on record. With reference to the new Wimbledon, the council expresses its gratitude to the local authorities and Volunteer officers who have taken such infinite pains to facilitate arrangements and smooth over difficulties, especially those who have offered the Cannock Chase, Berkshire Downs, Brighton, and Altcarr sites. It is shown that the number of prizes offered last year was 3198, exclusive of challenge cups, the total value being £12,484, as against £2238 when the association held its first meeting.

THE PARNELL INQUIRY COMMISSION.

The sittings of the Court on Tuesday, Feb. 19, and the Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday of that week, were occupied with the examination and cross-examination of important witnesses concerning the letters alleged to have been written by Mr. Parnell, Mr. Egan, and others, in 1882, which were



MR. RICHARD PIGOTT.

procured by the *Times*, and of which facsimile engravings have appeared in that journal. After evidence given by Mr. MacDonald, the manager of the *Times*, Mr. Edward Caulfield Houston, a journalist, who is secretary to the Irish Loyal and Patriotic Union, was called as a witness by the Attorney-General. He stated that Mr. Richard Pigott, formerly editor and proprietor of the *Irishman*, who had furnished him with materials for a pamphlet called "Parnellism Unmasked," in March or April, 1886, got the letters for him, which he said had been left in a bag at Paris. Mr. Houston borrowed some money, and paid Mr. Pigott £1250 for the letters; he also provided for the expenses of Mr. Pigott's journeys to Paris, to Lausanne, and to New York. In June or July, 1887, he put himself in communication



Mr. Pigott is doubtful.

with Mr. MacDonald, and the *Times* ultimately purchased the letters from Mr. Houston, paying for them £2530 in all, these transactions going on till the early part of 1888. Mr. Houston was cross-examined by Sir Charles Russell, and stated that he had, since this judicial inquiry began, destroyed most of the documents belonging to his correspondence with Mr. Pigott,



MR. E. C. HOUSTON.

explaining that his reason for so doing was to save Mr. Pigott from being compromised with the persons from whom he obtained those letters. The next witness called was Mr. Pigott himself, who admitted having been, since 1865, a Fenian and one of the Irish Republican Brotherhood; but ceased attending it when he gave up his paper in July, 1881, and sold his paper to the Land League. In 1885 he wrote a pamphlet against the Parnellites, and formed a connection

with Mr. Houston, undertaking to procure documents for the exposure of their conspiracy; he was to be paid a guinea a day and his travelling expenses. Mr. Pigott, early in 1886, twice went to Lausanne, to confer with a Mr. Eugene Davis there, who had been intimately conversant with the Land League in Ireland. Soon afterwards, in April, he met in Paris one Maurice Murphy, formerly a compositor in the office of the *Irishman*, and an agent of the American Clan-na-Gael. This man told him of the bag containing eleven of Mr. Parnell's and Mr. Egan's letters, and wanted £1000 for getting them, but agreed to take £500; and as the Clan-na-Gael had a claim on them, Mr. Pigott went to America to obtain authority for their being handed over to him. He was obliged to take an oath never to reveal the manner in which they came into his possession. He received from Mr. Houston £100 as commission, besides the £500 he had paid for them, and his expenses and daily stipend for many months. In the latter months of 1888, when the Commission of Inquiry was opened, he was in communication with Mr. Labouchere, and with Mr. George Lewis, solicitor for Mr. Parnell, respecting the evidence which he should give concerning the letters, which those gentlemen denounced as forgeries of his own. He said that Mr. Labouchere, on Oct. 26, 1888, offered him £1000 to confess that they were forgeries; but this statement was not corroborated by a number of subsequent letters of Mr. Labouchere's, who only sent him £10 for the expenses of a journey between Dublin and London. Mr. Pigott was severely cross-examined with reference to his correspondence in 1887 with Archbishop Walsh, offering to combat and defeat the charges against Mr. Parnell; and with regard also to his applications to the late Right Hon. W. E. Forster, in 1881, begging for money, and professing his readiness to write against the Land League, when he found that Mr. Parnell would not promise him continued employment on the *Irishman*. The admissions he was forced to make were tacitly compared with what Mr. Houston had deemed his straightforward conduct in dealing with the alleged Parnell letters, and the portraits of these two witnesses are worthy subjects of our Artist's Sketches in Court. On Tuesday, Feb. 26, when the Court sat again, Mr. Pigott did not appear, having left his hotel the night before, and a warrant was issued for his apprehension, at the request of Sir Charles Russell, with orders to seize a number of letters left for him at the hotel. He had written to Mr. Houston, stating that he expected to be prosecuted for perjury, and asking for money. It was stated by Sir Charles Russell that on Saturday, the 23rd, after an interview with Mr. Lewis, solicitor to Mr. Parnell, Mr. Pigott, uninvited, went to Mr. Labouchere's house and said to him that he desired to make a confession. Mr. Labouchere declined to take it, and said he would listen to nothing if witnesses were not present. Mr. Labouchere then sent for Mr. George Augustus Sala, and in his presence Pigott signed a written confession that he had forged the letters. On the Tuesday, Mr. Parnell and Mr. Labouchere, with Mr. Lewis, went to the Bow-street Police-Court, and obtained a warrant against Pigott for perjury and forgery.

The chess-match at Havannah between Steinitz and Tschigorin has ended in favour of the former player.

Mr. Edward Lawson presided at the annual festival of the Newsvendors' Benevolent and Provident Institution at the Hôtel Métropole on Feb. 26. Contributions amounting to about £1000 were announced.

Some important football-matches were played on Feb. 23. At Halifax, England, under Rugby rules, defeated Yorkshire, the champion county, by three goals to nothing; and at Stoke, playing against Wales under Association rules, England were victorious by four goals to one. A match between Oxford and Cambridge Universities ended in a draw.

In London 2695 births and 1567 deaths were registered in the week ending Feb. 23. Allowing for increase of population, the births were 210 and the deaths 276 below the average numbers in the corresponding weeks of the last ten years. The deaths included 70 from measles, 14 from scarlet fever, 27 from diphtheria, 31 from whooping-cough, 1 from typhus, 8 from enteric fever, and 16 from diarrhoea and dysentery.

Professor Romanes, in his lecture on evolution at the Royal Institution, dealt with the evidences afforded by geographical distribution of plants and animals. He spoke first of the Australian islands, which deep-sea soundings show to be so completely cut off from other lands, and which appear to have been so in a remote geological time. The theory of evolution would expect that animal life here would be very different from what it is in the larger continents, and such was the case. Leaving out the dog as doubtfully indigenous, there are no mammalia except the marsupials, which must be regarded rather as nascent mammalia. After referring to a generalised map of geographical distribution, he pointed out the fact that the geographical range of a species is sometimes continuous, sometimes discontinuous. For example, the mountain hare has a wide range, but it is found only in certain places. It is a natural supposition that in a glacial period it spread continuously, but with change to warmer climate it could exist only at high elevations. It is the same with Arctic floras now found high up the Alps and Pyrenees. After speaking of the various ways in which land animals and plants may migrate across even wide oceans, he said that unless we allowed some purpose which we do not understand, special creations seem capricious in the light of geographical distribution, while when viewed in the light of evolution the facts of distribution are intelligible and consistent.

The seventy-first anniversary dinner of the German Society of Benevolence was held on Feb. 26 at the Freemasons' Tavern, under the presidency of Baron Von Deichmann. The German Ambassador (Count Hatzfeldt) was to have presided; but at the outset of the proceedings it was announced that important business had compelled his Excellency to leave London, but that he hoped to return in time to attend the dinner. The company present numbered upwards of 200, including Consul-General Jordan, Vice-Consul Eschke, Count Leyden, Admiral Schröder, and Mr. Alderman Knill. In giving the toast of the evening, "Prosperity to the German Society of Benevolence," the chairman stated that the association was established in 1817 for the relief of necessitous Germans. The number of persons relieved during the past year amounted to 3125, an increase of 398 on the preceding year; while the amount dispensed was £1269, as against £1046. During the year, the society sent 169 Germans and Austrians back to their own country. The receipts in annual subscriptions were £634, as against £724 of the previous year; but that falling-off was atoned for by the donations received at the annual festival, which amounted to £827. In conclusion, the chairman pointed out that the society made it their duty to warn poor German emigrants from coming over to England, as there was absolutely no chance whatever of their obtaining employment in this country. In response to the chairman's appeal, subscriptions were announced amounting to nearly £1500. Almost at the conclusion of the toasts Count Hatzfeldt arrived, and was received with enthusiastic applause.



1. The Bushir-i-Bagh, Residence of Sir Asman Jah, K.C.I.E., in which their Royal Highnesses lodged.
2. The Kotwal's City Police. 3. A Nawab's Guard.

4. Review of the Nizam's Regular Troops on the Futteh Maidan.
5. Triumphal Arch near the Bank of Bengal.
6. The Afzul Gate, North Entrance to the City.

7. City Police (Rohillas).
8. Mounted City Policeman.
9. The Residency Gate.



THE NIZAM OF HYDERABAD.

MARCH BLOSSOMS AND BIRDS.

First in the year for anything like a general opening of wild flowers, albeit their varieties are few, stands blustering March. But popular opinion, if town-bred—and sometimes rural, too, for many eyes exist amid fields and woods which gather no harvest—usually holds that daffodils “which come before the swallow dares,” violets, and primroses make up the scanty bead-roll of March's floral possessions. And, indeed, vast is the difference between the Londoner's and the countryman's March. What is it to the former but a time of east winds and dust-clouds, with high prices for early spring comestibles as the chief vernal associations? But far other is the picture to the countryman. Powdered though the fields be with grey-brown dust which seems a general hue, the early signs of spring, cold though the air, are visible everywhere to the appreciative eye. The hawthorn and the larch buds open, the honeysuckle leaves expand, the aspen and alder flowers adorn the hedgerow, the swallow adds the aid of its yellow and silver bloom. But it is rather of wild flowers we would here speak, and possibly may introduce one or two to the reader's notice not very familiar. Of course, front in the rank stands the daffodil, though modern æstheticism was not needed to teach all who had any feeling for Nature's masterpieces to realise the exquisite contrasting loveliness of bright gold, delicate green, and graceful form. Well might Wordsworth have loved, as tradition declares he did, that nodding grove of yellow beauty which perennially delighted his eyes as the clustering daffodils swayed in the March winds! Equally familiar and beloved are the wild violets, not only the fragrant blue ones, but the rarer white, than which we think no lovelier flower is found. But, high as is the reputation, and widespread the knowledge of these fair flowers of March, the month can show some more, though they are shy and hide in secluded corners, or are little known to the general crowd. Not to be forgotten is Wordsworth's especial flower, for, many as he loved, he himself has written—

There's a flower that shall be mine,
'Tis the little celandine.

and it is only people unfamiliar with flowers who think this and the buttercup the same. For, while the bigger, bolder buttercup is found in open meadows, the more delicate celandine delights in moist seclusion. Look for it this month in some shady recess of a copse where a tiny stream threads its way through hazel and holly stems, or in some moist bankside. Note the fairy cups, with the gleaming golden petals, narrow in shape, and the heart-shaped dark-green leaves. It is a flower which when studied will be found to be beautiful both in itself and its associations. Nor let the coltsfoot be forgotten. To the townsman, usually this word suggests a popular remedy, seen in chemists' windows, for a cough, or in the more familiar form of “candy.” How different it is in its original state only those who love the fields are aware. Where sandy spaces stretch, a carpeting of brilliant yellow hue is often seen. This is the blossom of the coltsfoot, a peculiar plant, inasmuch as the bloom appears before the leaves. A reddish gold is the coltsfoot's colour, the bloom opulently springing from a short, thick stem. And next let us mention a March flower most unfamiliar even to those acquainted with the common ones. Look in the hedgerows and copses and you will see its delicate, fairy beauty. It is the moschatel. You will note at the summit of the stalk a circle of blossoms of graceful outline and green in tint—thereby marking the plant's individuality—while its leaves are exquisite in their shape. Nor pass unnoticed the woodspurge and the pilewort on the moist banks of the most common-place ditches. At this time, too, may be seen emerging from the ground the tansy, one of the most valued herbs of our forefathers. How many people, also, are unaware of the ancient reputation of the ground-ivy, held a specific for cough and catarrh! Its stalk, with round leaves, twists and twines close to the ground like the convolvulus, and its blossoms are of a dark, exquisite blue which is not nearly appreciated as much as it deserves. Be the inclemency of an English spring characteristic as it may, the ground-ivy is one of the hardiest of plants. Should March be mild, in those sequestered corners where warmth is found you may find the delicate white bloom of that most delicious of woodland native fruits—the wild strawberry, which those who have tasted avow has a flavour unapproachable by the biggest specimen of its forced relatives in Covent-garden. On ancient walls the common whitlow-grass is in flower, and by the streams the rush now blooms. The gardens are full of crocuses of different hues, even as the dry pasture-land of “golden-eyed” daisies; while under sheltered bank and hedge the yellow primrose, perennially constant to its home, delights the most heedless eye. This is a fair array of blossom for March, while the pink hepatica varies the prevalent yellow, white and blue.

Nor is the month less interesting in the feathered world. Not to many of us is it given to see those interesting birds the gannets or solan-geese resorting to the far northern isles to nest and lay. But in the most “home” county there is much to be seen, at any rate, by those who have the least particle of Gilbert White's enthusiasm in their natures. The field-fares—which our grandfathers, by-the-way, shot and ate with as much zest as we do snipes, and which, when fat, are most toothsome on toast—are now departing for the North. In water-meadows in certain localities you are pretty sure to come across a flock; and also of redwings, whose ways, food, and haunts much resemble the fieldfares. And—earliest and fondest among March memories of boyhood—now often in a hollybush or on some forked branch within reach, is the hay-lined nest of the blackbird made, and the blue black-spotted eggs found therein to commence the string which is among childhood's most prized trophies. Here and there in hedgerow-bounded lane, where ash and oak at intervals, in defiance of modern high-farming, shelter the fields, the modest note of the humble greenfinch (whose plain identity is often made the medium, through paint, of the gaudy “foreign bird fraud” in London) to be heard. On the downs, to which it is so constant, look for the dainty wheat-ear, which is the English ortolan. Its eggs are most exquisite in colouring, of palest blue, shading into a darker tint at the end. And the building of the rooks, what need to speak of that which is in itself a sight which is never uninteresting to the quiet eye? Of river birds it were easy to write a separate article; and one alone, the little water-ouzel, is full of curious ways which are quite unknown to the majority even of country people. But of our more familiar March birds one can say a good deal not generally noticed. How flutelike and clear, before the general bird-chorus of the year grows full, are the notes of the thrush, happily everywhere to be heard, but never better than in March! The linnet by the furze, the goldfinch by the thistle, add their simple but delightful music; and as for the skylark, when Shelley, Wordsworth, and Cunningham have spoken, it were presumption to add a word. Less known than any this month is the golden-crowned wren: that beautiful little, and little seen, creature, now begins to sing. And the fortunate listener walking by some still woodland may hear the soft, shy, exquisite music of the skylark's seldom-known cousin the woodlark, whose melody is one of the most delightful greetings of the early spring.

F. G. W.

THE NIZAM OF HYDERABAD.

The recent visit of their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Connaught to the Sovereign of the most important Native State in India was an event of some interest. Hyderabad, the central part of the region called “the Deccan,” to the south of the Mahratta nations and west of the river Godavery, lies between the Bombay and the Madras Presidency, and is larger than England and Wales. Its population is about ten millions, the bulk of them Hindoos; but the ruling families are Mohammedans, of Mogul descent. The Nizam, deriving his hereditary authority from ancestors who were vassals of the Mogul Empire, was an early ally of the British power in India, which protected him from the Mahrattas; and during the past thirty-five years great reforms have been effected in the administration, due partly to the good advice of British Political Residents, but largely to the ability of the late Sir Salar Jung, the Prime Minister of the Nizam (properly named Mir Turab Ali), from 1853 until his death a few years ago. An account of the improvements made by this enlightened native Indian statesman will be found in the preface to Sir Richard Temple's “Journals in Hyderabad, Kashmir, Sikkim, and Nepal,” edited by Captain R. C. Temple, and published in 1887 by Messrs. W. H. Allen and Co. We are now indebted to a correspondent in that country, Mr. E. H. Dwane, an official of the company for the Nizam's guaranteed State railways at Secundrabad, for some photographs and sketches which serve to illustrate the visit of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught. The portrait of their princely host, the reigning Nizam of Hyderabad, has also been sent to us by his secretary, Lieutenant-Colonel T. Marshall, with the permission of his Highness. The Nizam, who is twenty-two years of age, has already distinguished himself above all the native rulers of India by his chivalrous loyalty to the Imperial Government of British India, which will ever continue to respect his rights as a Sovereign, and whose rule in the adjacent territories is highly beneficial to Hyderabad. Queen Victoria, as Kaiser-i-Hind or Empress of India, and the Viceroy who represents her Majesty, will not forget the young Nizam's spontaneous offering of a large annual subsidy in aid of the military defences of the Empire, and will also rely on the assistance, in case of need, of a contingent of the Nizam's troops, worthy to take the field along with the army of British India, on the Afghan frontier or wherever they may be wanted for service. Their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, accompanied by the Duke and Duchess of Oldenburg and Count and Countess Hohenhausen, were splendidly entertained by the Nizam. The Bushir-i-Bagh, one of the residences of Sir Asman Jah, K.I.C.E., Minister of Hyderabad, a mansion situated halfway between the city and the Secundrabad cantonment, was prepared and specially furnished for their accommodation, and they were received with ceremonious courtesy and liberal hospitality; all the Princes, courtiers, and nobles of the State, a very dignified class, the officials, merchants, townspeople, and European residents, showing due honour to the Royal visitors. Among the scenes of those days meriting particular notice were a grand review of the Nizam's regular troops, under command of Colonel Neville, C.I.E., who were inspected by the Duke of Connaught on the Maidan, near the Bushir-i-Bagh; and the entrance of their Royal Highnesses, in procession, into the city, the north gate of which, called the Afzul Gung, was finely decorated, as was also the main gateway of the British Residency, while triumphal arches were erected not far from the Bank of Bengal, and in many other places in the city streets; at night they were brilliantly illuminated with glass oil-lamps. The good order and quiet behaviour of the motley population did much credit to the Hyderabad city police, which is under the command of the Kotwal, Nawab Akbar Jung, C.I.E., and which seems to be thoroughly efficient. Our correspondent, who walked about the streets till after midnight looking at the illuminations, testifies that they were as free from disorder as ever he saw those of any town in the world. It is agreeable to have such good accounts of a Native State in India; and we understand also that the revenue of Hyderabad is in a flourishing condition, including that raised from the Berar districts ceded or set apart for the payment of the British military force lent to support the Nizam, the security and prosperity of his dominion being an important feature of Imperial policy, and happily consulted by the measures of our Indian Government.

THE EGYPTIAN ARMY AT SUAKIN.

The military operations for the relief of the beleaguered garrison of Suakin, resulting in the victory of Dec. 20, were conducted by General Sir Francis Grenfell, the Sirdar or Commander-in-Chief of the Egyptian Army, with Colonel Kitchener, in command of the troops stationed at Suakin. We have been favoured with a series of photographs, taken by two officers of that Army, in which the Sirdar and his staff, and some of the Arab prisoners and deserters from the host of “Dervishes” or Mohammedan fanatics led by Osman Digma, are represented in several groups. Sir Francis Grenfell is lightly dressed in white, his right hand holding a spear, and his Arab servant, called a “kidney boy,” crouches at his feet. To the right of him stands Major Settle Pasha, Chief of the Staff, and Captain Maxwell to the left. Major Chapman, Aide-de-Camp, is the second officer to the right; Surgeon-Major Rogers Pasha and Major Prinsep are farther to the left. Immediately below, among the Engravings on the same page, appears the group of six wounded Dervish prisoners, who were left for dead on the battlefield of Dec. 20, outside Suakin, and who have been tended with the greatest care, for they are truly brave men, inspired by their religious faith to the fiercest courage in war. The upright figure in the centre of the three men standing is Osman Digma's heroic nephew, Darer Moussa Digma, who was shot right through the body, the bullet entering near the spine and coming out through the stomach: his recovery is a wonderful cure. The man on the right was likewise shot through the body, and also lost his right hand in the fight. The Dervish attired in a curiously-patched coat, who, not being a prisoner of war, still retains his spear, is a deserter from Osman Digma's army, a Lieutenant, who had been disgraced for chewing tobacco, the use of which, in any form, is regarded as a sin by the fanatical sect of Arab Moslems to which the Mahdi belongs. Two other men, who appear seated below, are the messengers who brought Osman Digma's letter, some time ago, falsely stating that Emin Pasha and another white man, supposed to be Mr. Stanley, had been captured by the Mahdi on the Upper Nile. The half-starved horse is one belonging to Osman Digma's cavalry, which was caught on the field of battle.

The Earl of Erne has accepted the presidency of the Benevolent Society of St. Patrick for the ensuing year. The educational system of the society has recently been developed by the introduction of technical education.

The Princess of Wales and Princess Beatrice have granted their direct patronage to the Al Fresco Fayre and Floral Fête, which is to take place in May at the Royal Albert Hall, Kensington, with a view to raising £15,000 for the Grosvenor Hospital for Women and Children.

THE CHINOOK.

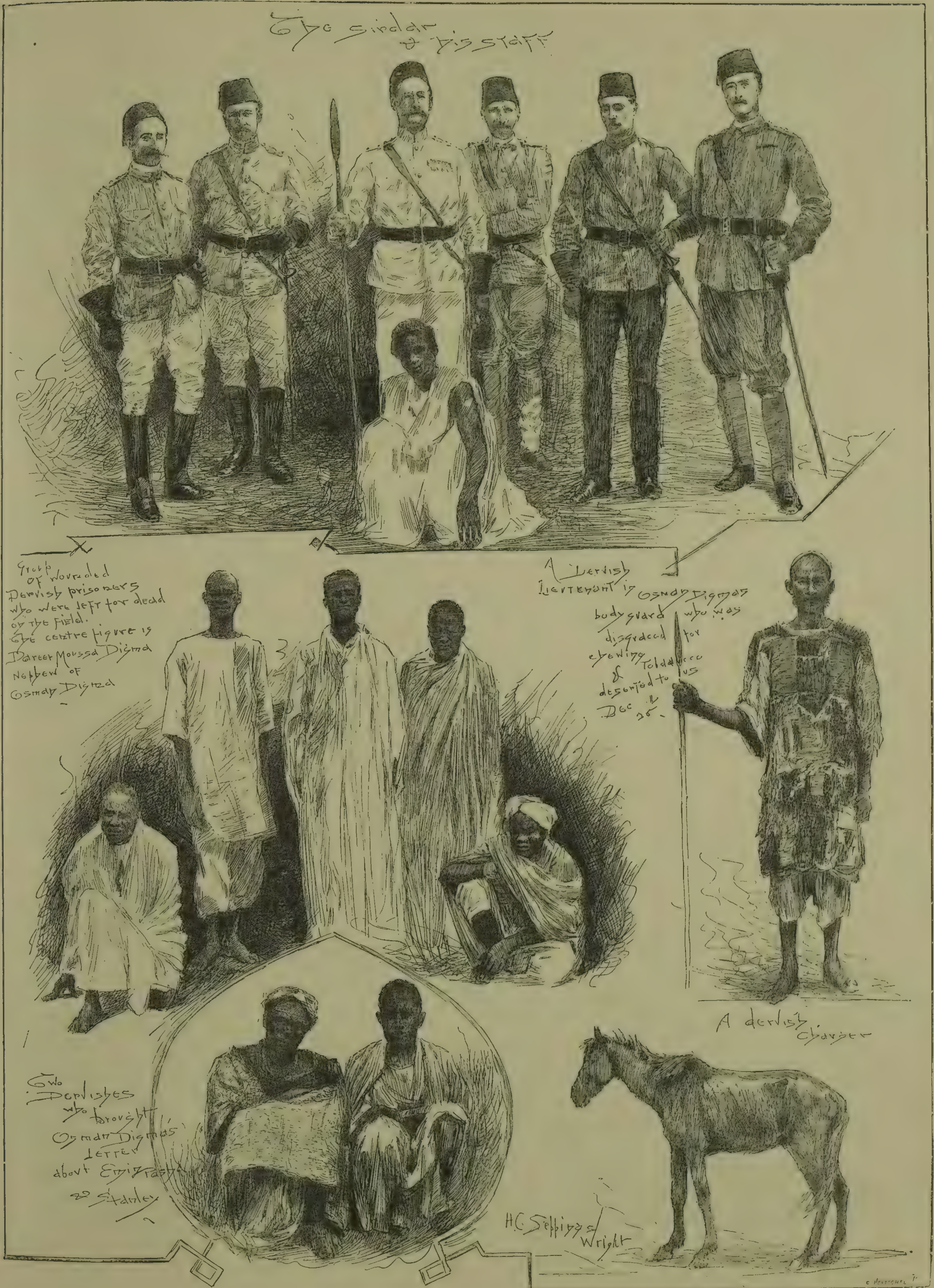
It has truly been said that the sun never sets on the British Empire. It is so vast and so scattered throughout the world that it supplies us with specimens of every kind of climate. Here a single island of insignificant dimensions, a barren rock, just showing above the water; there a huge continent, or a large portion of one, the interior of which is so sparsely inhabited that practically we are ignorant of its physical features, its climate, and its mineral wealth. British North America, although it has been in our possession so long, has been a sealed book to us, with the exception of the immediate districts of Quebec and Ontario. Beyond was a mysterious region stretching away to the Rocky Mountains, supposed to be so intensely cold that any attempt to open it out other than for temporary summer hunting excursions must of necessity fail. The Canadian winters were known to be excessively severe, and the northern parts of the United States were as bad, if not worse, by reason of the frightful blizzards which swept the prairies every winter. What more natural, therefore, than that these well-known facts, combined with the knowledge that the land of desolation was flanked at its western extremity by a ridge of mountains rising above the line of perpetual snow, should lead to the conclusion that the north-west territories of Canada were uninhabitable during the winter? In the winter of 1792-3 Mackenzie journeyed across the continent from Hudson's Bay, over the Rocky Mountains, to the Pacific Ocean, meeting no such tremendous difficulties as would have been imagined for the time of year. At Christmas and New Year he was in the Peace River locality, when a warm wind from the snow-capped mountains cleared away all the snow. He had previously observed the same effect in Athabasca, and concluded that it was to this strange wind was to be attributed “so little snow in this part of the world.” It was a very curious fact, but perhaps only an accidental circumstance which would not be met with in other years, and so the matter was dropped for nearly a century.

Twenty-two years ago the whole of British America from the Atlantic to the Pacific was formed into one government under a Viceroy and its own Parliament. The authorities of “the Dominion of Canada” at once took steps to show that they meant to utilise their practical independence by having the whole country thrown open to emigration. As a means towards an end, it was decided to construct a railway running across the continent from Montreal to Vancouver, a distance of 2909 miles. Before this could be done it was necessary to make a careful survey of the route, and it was during the surveying period that Mackenzie's observations were found to be characteristic of the great prairie. Mr. Dawson, of the Canadian Geological Survey, gave an account of it in the official records for 1879-80, and since then the subject has been inquired into by several scientists in Canada and the United States. Mr. Dawson in his account of it, says:—“The chinook is a strong westerly wind, becoming at times almost a gale, which blows from the mountains across the plains. It is extremely dry, and, as compared with the general winter temperature, warm.” Another writer says:—“They are warm, dry, westerly or northerly winds, occurring on the eastern slopes of the mountains of the north-west, beginning at any hour of the day and continuing from a few hours to several days.” A third writer states:—“On the plains about Calgary, latitude 51 deg. north, snow disappears rapidly under the influence of the warm, dry winds sweeping up from the great Utah and Columbia basins, which people there erroneously call chinook.”

The name was at first given to certain winds on the western slope of the Rockies, where the Chinook Indians formerly lived; but it is now used exclusively for the warm wind which comes down from the snowy heights to the prairies of Rupert's Land. The explanation of the phenomenon is comparatively simple, and leaves us in no doubt as to the reality of the chinook in connection with the climate of what will at no distant date be a very important and thriving district. When the chinook leaves the Pacific Ocean it is loaded with moisture from the warm waters; as it ascends the Pacific slope of the Rocky Mountains rain falls in torrents, so that when the summit is reached the air is not only cold, but also devoid of moisture. This dry, cold air is drawn down the eastern slope, and the liberation of latent heat warms it to such an extent that by the time it reaches the base it is much warmer than when it left the ocean.

The districts affected by the chinook extend from the northern part of Wyoming through Montana into British territory, and for several hundred miles northwards. The States of the Union, however, receive merely the fringe of the magical wind, its full influence being felt chiefly in South Alberta, one of our north-west provinces, from the International boundary line to latitude 55 deg. N. This is the famous grazing country watered by numerous tributaries of the Saskatchewan. Here, thanks to the chinook, the winter is so surprisingly mild that cattle roam about the prairie without requiring shelter. Cold weather there is, undoubtedly; the east wind there, as here, is an unpleasant visitor; and the thermometer falls to 20 deg. or 40 deg., and occasionally to 50 deg., below zero, but only for a short period; then the wind changes to the west, the sky clears, and the temperature rises, perhaps, 60 deg. in a few hours. In some localities, like the Old Man and Bow River, winter does not arrive until about Christmas-time, and until then the air is so soft, dry, and warm that fires are scarcely needed, and windows may be left open with impunity; and this in a part of the world where, until a few short years ago, it was thought the greater portion of the year was made up of one continuous winter, which an average European could not face! In the two localities mentioned winter as such lasts two months—the middle of December to the middle of February—but, of course, there are cold spells at other times, just as in other countries. We hear of such tremendous falls of snow in the United States sometimes that we are led to suppose they must be equally severe in Alberta. But a resident of several years in the locality calls a fall of eighteen inches of snow “a bad snow-storm,” because it is very exceptional. There are few winters in England in which this depth is not recorded. But what a trifling quantity for the chinook to slake its thirst with! It requires but a few hours to clear the prairie and leave it quite dry and hard. “Cattle and horses find the grass exposed, and resume their feeding. The cold has done them no harm, for there has been no wet snow, or sleet.” Under such conditions, and with winter temperatures frequently rising to 50 deg. and upwards in a dry air, the climate is exceedingly healthy, and the cold is such that no Englishman need be afraid of it.

Within the limits of an ordinary article it is impossible to do full justice to this interesting subject; but the tens of thousands of people who annually leave Europe to seek a home in foreign climes have no small difficulty in deciding where they should go, simply from lack of information. The North-West Territories of the Canadian Dominion have hitherto been neglected because of the misconception regarding the winters there. If intending emigrants will study the chinook wind of Alberta, that district of 106,500 square miles of rich agricultural and grazing land, with a plentiful supply of coals and minerals, on the future direct route from Europe to Eastern Asia, a few years will see a steady increase of population settling in the new country. H. H.



OFFICERS OF THE EGYPTIAN ARMY AND DERVISHES SURRENDERED AT SUAKIN.

CHOICE MOMENTS IN LIFE.

To most of us the choice moments of life are like angels' visits, and come but rarely. We are always hoping for them, and striving after them; but just as we are lifting the cup of joy to our lips, that dark and uncomely person, who, as Horace says, sits behind the horseman, stands also behind our chair, and, thrusting forth his arm, will not allow us to taste it.

Hope springs eternal in the human breast,
Man never is, but always to be blest,

writes Pope, who knew the truth of his saying by sad experience. Goldsmith knew it also when he said that he was—

Impelled by steps unceasing to pursue
Some fleeting good that mocks me with the view.

This charming writer, whose sweetness of versification and whose idyllic imagination have given delight to thousands, must have had some thoughtlessly happy hours—for was he not an Irishman and a poet? But his short life, despite its "shoemakers' holidays," its literary successes, and the friendship of the "Jessamy bride," was far more full of jealousies, vexations, and pecuniary cares than of choice moments. And yet on the day when he finished a poem like the "Deserted Village," or a tale like the "Vicar of Wakefield," he must have felt that he had won friends wherever English was spoken, and that life was worth living.

Happy moments live more frequently in memory than in reality. If we look forward and expect them, we also look back through the haze of distance upon golden-hours of unalloyed delight. Imagination is a kindly faculty, and helps us to forget what we do not care to remember; it fools us so pleasantly that we have no wish to disturb its illusions. But after all, perhaps, what seems like folly may be in reality the highest wisdom. Our homely daily food good for bodily nourishment is not that upon which the soul is fed. The daily tasks which all are in duty bound to fulfil bring their appropriate rewards. No doubt in all labour there is profit, but, generally speaking, while the necessarily monotonous toil in the counting-house, in the shop, in the hospital, in the study, in the navigation of ships, and in the law courts, puts money in the purse it does not frequently yield choice moments. It is astonishing how much of every man's life goes by without intense emotion either pleasurable or painful. It may be well for us that it is so. It needs a strong body to bear strong feelings, and when they come in quick succession the citadel of the soul is sometimes shaken to its base. A man cannot be always doing great deeds or thinking great thoughts, and I suspect that when Shakespeare had finished "Macbeth" or "King Lear" (what choice moments must those have been!) he refreshed himself with a game of bowls and a pot of strong Stratford ale. Milton, who was a total abstainer, must, without doubt, have smoked a pipe and played on the organ when he had gained through the loss of Paradise by our first parents a place with the immortals. What Gibbon felt when he had closed the last page of his "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" he has told us in memorable words; and I should think it would be difficult to exaggerate the emotions of Wellington in the choice moments in which he felt that he had secured the tranquillity of Europe and the safety of his country.

Choice moments, however rare, are not confined to great men like poets, warriors, and statesmen. Joy, says Wordsworth, "is in widest commonality spread," and each of us in his degree may be lifted for a brief hour out of the deep rut of care, and, under the inspiration of the breeze and sunshine, ascend the mountain heights with a light heart. Even the poor "bookseller's hack"—which includes, no doubt, the unhappy writer for newspapers—of whom we have had such a forlorn picture lately in the *Fortnightly Review*, does, in the course of long years, have his choice moments—as many, possibly, as the successful barrister or physician. For such moments are not necessarily dependent upon worldly prosperity. They are not the reward for keeping a gig or even a coach-and-four. Money-making, though a useful and amusing occupation, is not elevating. It is essentially of the earth, earthy, and is only respectable when pursued in moderation. But the choice moments of life are those in which a man walks, metaphorically speaking, upon air. Joy gives him wings, just as genius gives them to the poet, and for the time his whole nature is transformed. Once in his life, but never again, the lover is conscious of this inspiration. He has felt the might of love, and in the strength of it becomes a new man. Love-making, as we all know, has its choice moments, the more choice perhaps because of obstructions; and if love's young dream did not too soon give place to such waking realities as cooks, tax-gatherers, and dressmakers, it would be the most delightful thing in the world. And perhaps it is, after all. Yet there have been young men who prefer ambition, and young women who have no taste for love in a cottage, and prefer powdered footmen and a house in Belgravia. I suppose, the surgeon has a choice moment when he has achieved a difficult operation successfully, the student when he wins a fellowship, the sailor upon reaching home after a long voyage, and the book-hunter when he discovers some inestimable treasure on a bookstall. But as the highest delight of which human nature is capable has its source in self-sacrifice, there must have been still choicer moments in the lives of philanthropists who, like Howard, Mrs. Fry, Clarkson, and the late Earl of Shaftesbury, have devoted themselves to the service of their fellow-men; of surgeons who, like Sir James Simpson, have relieved physical suffering to an extent which it is impossible to over-estimate; of soldiers who have saved their country; of missionaries who have sacrificed everything for one supreme object and gained it before they died.

The choicest moments of life, like all its higher gifts, come to us unawares. We cannot buy them with money any more than we can buy sunshine, or health, or intellect. The highest happiness of which we are capable is due, no doubt, to the cultivation of the mind and heart; but it must come unsought and indirectly, and the man who strives to gain it by working for it is sure to fail. And this remark holds good, I think, in study, in travel, in intercourse with society. What we gain indirectly from books, what we see by chance on a journey, the people we meet unexpectedly—these supply the thoughts and incidents of which it is pleasantest to think afterwards.

It will not do to be too didactic in a paper like this. The lively reader of our day who feeds largely on sensational fiction and on the gossip of society journals is apt to be scared even by the suspicion of dullness, and if Johnson's *Rambler* had been published in 1889, instead of in 1750, I wonder what sort of success it would have achieved? At the risk, however, of being called too serious for an essayist, I will venture to say, in conclusion, that the choicest moments—those moments in which "we feel that we are greater than we know"—never come to the men who deliberately wander outside the path of duty. That path may be often a painful one, but the man who walks in it finds, to quote, with a slight alteration, the noble lines of Wordsworth, that—

Flowers laugh before him on their beds,
And fragrance in his footing treads.

J. D.

CLEOPATRA:

BEING AN ACCOUNT OF THE FALL AND VENGEANCE OF HARMACHIS, THE
ROYAL EGYPTIAN, AS SET FORTH BY HIS OWN HAND.

By H. RIDER HAGGARD.

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CHAPTER XI.

OF THE WAYS OF CHARMION; AND OF THE CROWNING
OF HARMACHIS AS THE KING OF LOVE.



the following day I received the writing of my appointment as Astrologer and Magician-in-Chief to the Queen, with the pay and perquisites of that office, which were not small. Also rooms were given me in the palace, through which I passed at night to the high watch-tower, whence I looked on the stars and drew their auguries. For at this time Cleopatra was much troubled about matters political. And not knowing how the great struggle among the Roman factions would end, but being very desirous to side with the strongest, she took constant counsel with me as to the warnings of the stars. These I read to her in such manner as best seemed to fit the high interest of my ends. For Antony, the Roman Triumvir, was now in Asia Minor, and, rumour ran, very wrath because it had been told to him that Cleopatra was hostile to the Triumvirate, in that her General, Serapion, had aided Cassius. But Cleopatra protested loudly to me and others that Serapion had acted against her will. Yet Charmion told me that, as with Allienus, it was because of a prophecy of Dioscorides the unlucky that the Queen herself had secretly ordered Serapion so to do. Nevertheless, this did not save Serapion, for to prove to Antony that she was innocent she dragged the General from the sanctuary and slew him. Woe be to those who carry out the will of tyrants if the scale should rise against them! And so Serapion perished.

Meanwhile all things went well with us, for the minds of Cleopatra and those about her were so set upon affairs abroad that neither she nor they thought of revolt at home. But day by day our party gathered strength in the cities of Egypt, and even in Alexandria, which is to Egypt as another land, all things being foreign there. Day by day, those who doubted were won over and sworn to the cause by that oath which cannot be broken, and our plans of action more firmly laid. And every other day I went forth from the palace to take counsel with my uncle Sepa, and there at his house met the nobles and the great priests who were for the party of Khem.

Of Cleopatra, the Queen, I saw much, and ever was I more astonished at the wealth and splendour of her mind, that for richness and variety was as a woven cloth of gold throwing back all lights from its changing face. She feared me somewhat, and therefore was fain to make a friend of me, asking me of many matters that seemed to be beyond the province of my office. Of the Lady Charmion also I saw much—indeed, she was ever at my side, so that I scarce knew when she came and when she went. For with that soft step of hers would she draw nigh, and I would turn me to find her at hand and watching beneath the long lashes of her downcast eyes. There was no service that was too hard for her, and no task too long; for day and night she laboured for me and for our cause. But when I thanked her for her loyalty, and said it should be had in mind in that time which was at hand, she stamped her foot, and pouted with her lips, like an angry child, saying that, among all the things which I had learned, this had I not learned—that Love's service asked no payment, and was its own guerdon. And I, being innocent in such matters, and foolish that I was, holding the ways of women as of small account, read her sayings in the sense that her services to the cause of Khem, which she loved, brought with them their own reward. But when I praised so fine a spirit, she burst into angry tears and left me wondering. For I knew naught of the trouble at her heart. I knew not then that, unsought, this woman had given to me all her love, and that she was rent and torn by pangs of passion fixed like arrows in her breast. I did not know—how should I know it, who never looked upon her otherwise than as an instrument of our joint and holy cause? Her beauty never stirred me—nay, not even when she leaned over me and breathed upon my hair, I never thought of it otherwise than as a man thinks of the beauty of a statue. What had I to do with such delights? I who was sworn to Isis and dedicate to the cause of Egypt. O ye Gods, bear me witness that I am innocent of this thing which was the source of all my woe and the woe of Khem!

How strange a thing is this love of woman, that is so small in its beginning and in its ends so great! See, at the first it is even as the little spring of water welling from a mountain's heart. And at the last what is it? It is a mighty river that floateth argosies of joy and makes wide lands to smile. Or, perchance, it is a torrent to wash in a flood of ruin across the fields of Hope, bursting in the barriers of design, and bringing to tumbled nothingness the tenement of man's purity and the temples of his faith. For when the Invisible conceived the order of the universe He set within its plan this seed of woman's love that by its most unequal growth is doomed to bring about equality of law. For now it lifts the low to heights untold, and now it brings the noble to the level of the dust. And thus, while woman, that great surprise of Nature, is, Good and Evil can never grow apart. For still she stands, and, blind with love, shoots the shuttle of our fate, and pours sweet water into the cup of bitterness, and poisons the wholesome breath of life with the doom of her desire. Turn this way and turn that, she is at hand to meet thee. Her weakness is thy strength, her might is thy undoing. Of her thou art, to her thou goest. She is thy slave, yet holds thee captive; at her touch honour withers, locks open, and barriers fall. She is infinite as ocean, she is variable as heaven, and her name is the Unforeseen. Man, strive not to escape from woman and the love of woman; for, fly where thou wilt, she is yet thy fate, and whate'er thou buildest thou buildest it for her!

And thus it came to pass that I, Harmachis, who had put such matters far from me, was yet doomed to fall by the thing I held of no account. For, see, this Charmion: she

loved me—why, I know not. Of her own thought she learned to love me, and of her love came what shall be told. But I, knowing naught, treated her even as a sister, walking as it were hand in hand with her towards our common end.

And so the time passed on till, at length, all things were made ready.

It was the night before the night when the blow should fall, and there were revellings in the palace. That very day had I seen Sepa, and with him the captains of a band of five hundred men, who should burst into the palace at midnight on the morrow, when I had slain Cleopatra the Queen, and put the Roman and the Gallic legionaries to the sword. That very day had I suborned the Captain Paulus, who, since I drew him through the gates, was my will's slave. Half by fear and half by promises of great reward I had prevailed upon him, for his was the watch, at the signal on the morrow night to unbar that small gate which faces to the east.

All was made ready—the flower of Freedom that had been five-and-twenty years in growth was on the point of bloom. In every city, from Abu unto Athu, armed companies were gathered, and from their walls spies looked out, awaiting the coming of the messenger who should bring tidings that Cleopatra was no more and that Harmachis the Egyptian had seized the throne. All was prepared, triumph hung to my hand as a ripe fruit to the hand of the plucker. Yet as I sat at the royal feast my heart was heavy, and a shadow of coming woe lay cold within my mind. I sat there in a place of honour, nigh to the majesty of Cleopatra, and looked down the lines of guests, bright with gems and garlanded with flowers, marking those whom I had doomed to die. There before me lay Cleopatra's self, in all her beauty, which thrilled the beholder as he is thrilled by the rushing of the midnight gale, or by the sight of stormy waters. I gazed on her as she touched her lips with wine and toyed with the chaplet of roses on her brow, bethinking me of the dagger beneath my robe that I had sworn to bury in her breast. Again, and yet again, I gazed and strove to hate her, strove to rejoice that she must die—and could not. There, too, behind her—watching me now, as ever, with her deep-fringed eyes—was the lovely lady Charmion. Who, to look at her innocent face, would believe that she was the setter of that snare wherein should miserably perish the Queen who loved her? Who would dream that locked in her girlish breast was the secret of so much death? I gazed, and grew sick at heart because I must anoint my throne with blood, and by evil sweep away the evil of the land. At that hour I wished, indeed, that I was naught but some humble husbandman, who in its season sows and in its season garners the golden grain! Alas! the seed that I had been doomed to sow was the seed of Death, and now I must reap the red fruit of the harvest!

"Why, Harmachis, what ails thee?" said Cleopatra, smiling her slow smile. "Has the golden skein of stars got tangled, my astronomer? or dost thou plan some new feat of magic? Say what is it; that thou dost so poorly grace our feast. Nay, now, did I not know, having made inquiry thereon, that things so low as we poor women are far beneath thy gaze, why, I should swear that Eros had found thee out, Harmachis!"

"Nay, that am I spared, O Queen," I answered. "The servant of the stars marks not the smaller light of woman's eyes, and therein he is happy!"

Cleopatra leaned herself towards me looking on me long and steadily in such fashion that despite my will the blood fluttered at my heart.

"Boast not, thou proud Egyptian," she said in a low voice which none but I and Charmion could hear, "lest perchance thou dost tempt me to match my magic against thine. What woman can forgive that man should push us by as things of no account? 'Tis an insult to our sex that Nature's self abhors," and she leaned back again and laughed most musically. But glancing up, I saw Charmion, her teeth upon her lip and an angry frown upon her brow.

"Pardon, Royal Egypt," I answered coldly, but with such wit as I could summon, "before the Queen of Heaven even stars grow pale!" This I said of the moon, which is the sign of the Holy Mother whom Cleopatra dared to rival, naming herself Isis come to earth.

"Happily said," she answered, clapping her white hands. "Why, here's an astronomer who hath wit and can shape a compliment. Nay, such a wonder must not pass unnoted, lest the Gods resent it. Charmion, take thou this rose-chaplet from my hair and set it upon the learned brow of our Harmachis. *King of Love* he shall be crowned, whether he will it or will it not."

Charmion lifted the chaplet from Cleopatra's brows and bearing it to where I was, with a smile set it upon my head yet warm and fragrant from the Queen's hair, but so roughly that she pained me somewhat. And this she did because she was wroth, although she smiled with her lips and whispered, "An omen, Royal Harmachis." For though she was so very much a woman, yet, when she was angered or suffered jealousy, Charmion had a childish way.

Having thus fixed the chaplet, she curtsied low before me, and with the softest tone of mockery named me, in the Greek tongue, "Harmachis, King of Love." Thereon Cleopatra laughed and pledged me as "King of Love," and so did all the company, finding the jest a merry one. For in Alexandria they love not those who live straitly and turn aside from women.

But I sat there, a smile upon my lips and black anger in my heart. For, knowing who and what I was, it irked me to think myself a jest to the frivolous nobles and light beauties of Cleopatra's Court. But chiefly was I angered against Charmion, because she laughed the loudest, and then I did not know that laughter and bitterness are often the veils of a sore heart wherewith it wraps its weakness from the world. "An omen" she said it was—that crown of flowers—and so it proved indeed. For I was fated to barter the double diadem of the Upper and the Lower Land for a wreath of passion's roses that fade even ere they fully bloom, and Pharaoh's ivory bed of state for the pillow of a faithless woman's breast.

"*King of Love!*" they crowned me in their mockery; aye, and King of Shame! And I, with the perfumed roses on my brow—I, by descent and ordination the Pharaoh of Egypt—bethought me of the imperishable halls of Abothis and of that other crowning which on the morrow should be consummate.

But still smiling, I pledged them back, and answered with a jest. For rising, I bowed before Cleopatra and craved leave to go. "Venus," I said, speaking of the planet that we know as Donau in the morning and Bonou in the evening, "was in the ascendant. Therefore as new-crowned King of Love I must now pass to do my homage to its Queen." For these barbarians name Venus Queen of Love.

And so amidst their laughter I withdrew me to my watch-tower, and, dashing that shameful chaplet down amid the instruments of my craft, made pretence to note the rolling of the stars. There I waited, thinking on many things that were to be until such time as Charmion should come with the last lists of the doomed and the messages of my uncle Sepa, whom she had that evening seen.

At length the door opened softly, and she came jewelled and clad in her white robes, even as she had left the feast.

(To be continued.)



DRAWN BY R. C. WOODVILLE.

Charmion lifted the chaplet from Cleopatra's brows, and bearing it to where I was, with a smile set it upon my head.

"CLEOPATRA."—BY H. RIDER HAGGARD.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.
OUR MONTHLY LOOK ROUND.

In last month's "Look Round" I discussed the question of the origin of the fishes which appear in ponds in Florida and elsewhere, after these ponds have been completely dried up. Since my previous remarks were penned, I have observed a very ingenious attempt to explain the phenomena in question. Says a Boston (U.S.) observer, Mr. Henry M. Howe: "Let me point out that nothing seems simpler than that birds, lighting on the edge of first one pond, then another, should carry on their feet the eggs, larvae, or whatever it may be, of one to the other. In digging wells in a quite desert region in Arizona, many miles from other wells, I was at first surprised to find them peopled after a short time with animals (frogs, if I forget not) which could not possibly have hopped or crawled from the nearest water across the burning sand in midsummer, with the thermometer rising above 115 deg. Fahrenheit. But I soon saw the above easy explanation." There is much merit in Mr. Howe's theory of things, and it receives its greatest meed of support from all we know regarding the work of birds in carrying from one land to another the seeds of plants. Birds are, in fact, great colonisers, and many an otherwise desolate island owes a large part of its plant and animal population to the bird emigrants and visitors, which unconsciously transport seeds and the eggs of animals often for immense distances. If any of my readers are desirous of knowing what birds effect in this work of distributing plants especially, let them turn to Darwin's "Origin of Species."

Professor Haddon, of Dublin, who is at present engaged abroad in zoological research (amongst other points into the history of coral reefs) has forwarded some interesting notes on the animal life of Torres Straits. Remark on Dr. S. J. Hickson's observation that a species of fish (*Periophthalmus*) was seen to rest with its tail in water—the fish itself being accustomed to live out of water for long periods—Mr. Haddon now declares that it breathes largely by means of its tail-fin. This is a very novel form of breathing apparatus in fishes; although, of course, in the young of many insects which pass their early stages in water the tail end of the body discharges respiratory duties. Mr. Haddon found that one of these fishes was well and lively after a complete immersion in the sea for forty-two hours. Another lived a day and a half in a vessel which held just sufficient water to keep the tail-fin submerged. It might have lived longer, he adds, had the water been continually renewed. But when a fish had the tail-fin coated with gold-size it only lived (in water) from twelve to eighteen hours, and this although its gills were, of course, submerged, and placed in their natural position as breathing organs. In the tail-fin the blood-circulation is seen to be of very perfect and energetic nature. The tail-fin in these fishes would, therefore, appear to be used as a kind of supplementary gill. The observation is interesting, because it goes to prove how closely allied in all animals are the skin and breathing organs. In truth, all that is needed for the getting rid of animal waste is a membrane with the blood on one side and air on the other. This is the essential feature of skin, lung, and gill alike; and the tail-fin of the fish above alluded to simply corresponds to this wide definition of what a breathing organ really is.

Professor Haddon also contributes an interesting note on the employment of the sucker-fish (*Echeneis*) for the capture of turtles. This fish has a sucker on the top of its head, and figures in classic myths as a creature which could delay the progress of large ships by its attachment thereto. In Torres Straits Mr. Haddon found the *Gapu*, as the sucker-fish is named, to be utilised by the natives for catching water-tortoises. The fish is held by a string attached to a hole made in its tail-fin; while a second string passes into the mouth and emerges at its gills. It is then slung over the side of the canoe. When a turtle is met with, the *Gapu* is liberated, swims towards the reptile, and attaches itself to the turtle's back by its sucker. Then a man with a rope attached to his arm swims towards the fish and its prey. Getting on the turtle's back, he passes his arms behind and below its front paddles, and his legs in front and below the animal's hind legs. He is then drawn up to the surface by the rope, clinging to the turtle, which is thus secured; the sucker-fish passing from the turtle's back to its under surface. Sad to relate, the sucker-fish is eaten at the end of the day's fishing; and this, too, as a mark of respect for its piscatorial achievements!

The *Lancet*, in a recent article on "Genius and Ill-health," remarks that genius is often associated with physical weakness. Of course, Carlyle's biliousness is lugged in to illustrate the writer's contention; George Eliot's life is described as having been one of "headache and languor"; and John Stuart Mill is noted as a man who had "splendid intellectual power" united to a "feeble physique." I fancy there is a slight danger in all such arguments of the *post hoc, ergo propter hoc* fallacy creeping into the discussion. May not the "little health" of geniuses be a consequence rather than a cause of their brain-work? If we may not deny that many brilliant minds have been sheltered in but sorry bodies, physically regarded, we are surely also able to point to cases in which great geniuses have enjoyed capital health, and have lived to a good old age. Darwin was not an unhealthy man, nor was Shakspeare, by all accounts. I know more than one distinguished author who enjoys perfect health; and the *Lancet* writer admits that senior wranglers and double-firsts often shine in the cricket-field and on the river. The truth is that we require to judge our geniuses in the matter of health from a rational point of view; and I should begin naturally by inquiring into their inherited constitutions. A clever man may owe his health or illness, as the case may be, either to his parents or to his own use and mode of life. With the geniuses, as with your commonplace individual, health is both a matter of inheritance and of personal care. Mr. Galton, however, might find the topic instructive from his special point of view.

There exists a mistaken notion that the tongue is the sole organ of taste, just as the idea, natural but erroneous, is extant that it is necessary for purposes of speech. As a matter of fact, taste is as largely resident in the palate as in the tongue, while numerous cases are on record in which persons who have suffered the loss of the tongue have been able to speak with clearness. Recently a proof was given of the widespread nature of the taste-sense in the mouth. In a patient from whom the tongue had been very completely removed, it was found that sensations of sweet, sour, and bitter nature were still present. Curiously, too, no sense of salt-taste remained. These facts would almost seem to prove that various parts of tongue and palate are set apart for the appreciation of different "tastes." This idea supports the fact that the tongue possesses on its surface papillæ or taste-organs of different shapes and sizes. It is consistent to assume that such variations in the ends of the nerves of taste imply variations in their functions.

ANDREW WILSON.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

DENIA.—On the facts as stated by you, we hold—(1) That the King, being touched first, had to be moved. (2) The subsequent touching of the Rook involved no penalty (See "Praxis," page 50). (3) Casting, when the King is moved, as penalty is especially prohibited (See Law X.). You were, therefore, right, and the committee and referee wrong.

W H H.—Your solution of No. 2334 by 1. K to K 5th is wrong.

W HETZMANN.—Under examination, and, if correct, shall be published.

P C (The Hague).—Kt to Q 4th seems to yield a solution to your problem.

W GLEAVE.—Examine the effect of 1. Q to K 2nd.

O V COSTER.—You have taken a good deal of trouble, but have omitted to observe that you make White move backwards.

E J WINTER WOOD.—Many thanks; shall have immediate attention.

MRS BIRKETT.—We are much obliged. The problem in three moves shall be published; but that in two is too simple.

W BIDDLE.—Your problem is marked for further examination.

G ABBOTT (Highgate).—If, in No. 2336, White play 1. It takes R, Black replies 1. B to K Kt 4th, and no mate follows. In No. 2357, Black answers your proposed first move by pushing forward one of his Pawns.

A BREHYER (Alost).—Your problem is neat, but too elementary for our use. We appreciate the interest you take in the column.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2339 received from E St John Crane (Leicester), E Bohnstedt (Berne), W F B, D McCoy, A P Greenly (Colham), and Jack (Ryde); of No. 2340 from E J Gibbs (Plaistow), E Bohnstedt, W H Reed (Liverpool), T G (Ware), John Eymor (Stafford), J J Baker, Percy R Gibbs (Plaistow), and W F Scheele (Newcastle).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2341 received from Julia Short (Exeter), L J Pope, E St John Crane (Leicester), H Dorrington, E Casella (Paris), Howard A, A B Duncan (Stafford), Charles Worrall (Crewe), W H Reed, Martin F, Mrs Kelly (Lifton), J Coad, Bernard Reynolds, W Hillier, Jupiter Junior, J D Tucker (Leeds), A Newman, W F B, Shadforth, H A L S, Stanley James, E W Sinnott (Woolwich), L Desanges, Mrs W J Baird, T G (Ware), W Wright, Lisette Birkett, R Worries (Canterbury), T Roberts, Henry Rees, G J Veale, R H Brooks, D McCoy, Columbus, R F N Banks, Thomas Chown, E Louden, J Ryder, E J Winter Wood, H S B (Shooter's-hill), Jack (Ryde), P Fernando (Dublin), J T W, S B Tallancyre, James Sage, A W Hamilton (Gell (Exeter), W R Baillet, E E H, A R Wilson (Barnet), Dr Waltz (Heidelberg), W H Hayton, G Clark, A Bechyer (Alost), J Hall, Dr F St. Alpha, T J Street (Guildford), H S B (Woolwich), L R, F Snell, and P Stewart (Rugby).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2339.

WHITE.
1. Kt to Q 2nd
2. Q to Q 4th
3. Kt to B sq, mate.

BLACK.
K to Kt 6th
P to R 6th

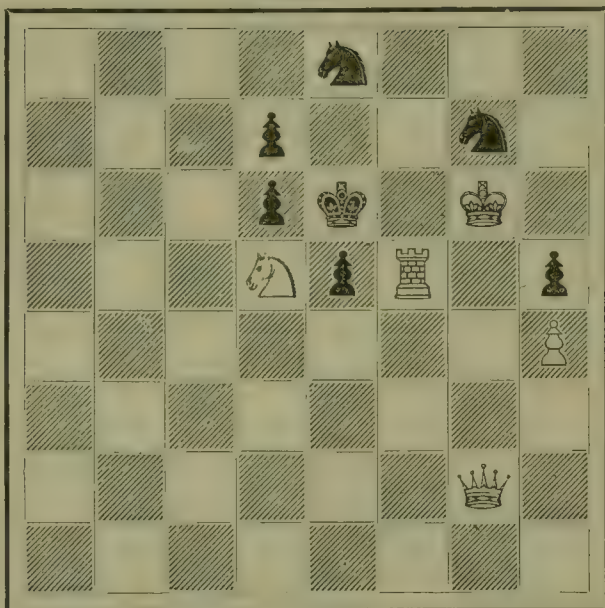
If Black play 1. K to Kt 5th or P moves, then 2. Kt to K 4th and 3. Q mates.

NOTE.—The initial of the composer of this problem should be "R" instead of "E."

PROBLEM No. 2343.

By SIGNOR ASPA.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

Game played at the Fife Club in 1872 between Messrs. G. B. FRASER and H. M. STIRLING, of Malpas. Notes by Mr. Fraser.

(Scotch Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. F.)	BLACK (Mr. S.)	WHITE (Mr. F.)	BLACK (Mr. S.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	White's game, however, is still full of resource.	
2. K Kt to B 3rd	Q Kt to B 3rd	14. R takes B	Q takes Q
3. P to Q 4th	P takes P	15. P takes Q	Kt to K 4th
4. Kt takes P	B to Q 4th	16. Kt to K 6th (dis. K to Kt sq ch)	
5. Kt to K B 5th		17. Kt to Kt 5th	B to Q Kt 4th
A move first introduced, we believe, by Mr. Slous in his contests with Herr Hartwitz in 1846.		Apparently he can now do nothing better. If 20. R to K sq, then 21. R to K B 3rd, and White must win.	
6. Kt to Q B 3rd	Q to K B 3rd	18. Kt to K 4th	Kt to Kt 5th
7. Kt to Q 5th	K Kt to K 2nd	19. Kt to B 6th (ch)	Kt takes Kt
8. Q takes Kt	Kt takes Kt	20. R takes Kt	B to K 7th
9. B to Q Kt 5th	P to Q 3rd		
10. B to K Kt 5th	B to Q 2nd		
11. Castles	Q takes Kt P		
White is almost compelled to adopt this line of play; but, although successful, we have some doubts of its soundness.			
12. Kt takes P (ch)	Q takes B		
13. B to K R 6th	K to B sq		
	B takes P (ch)		
This seems to afford a desirable relief, and leaves Black with a Pawn ahead.			

Game played at Grantham between the Rev. G. M'DONNELL and MR. ATTMORE.

(Evans' Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. M'D.)	BLACK (Mr. A.)	WHITE (Mr. M'D.)	BLACK (Mr. A.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	On general principles, Kt takes B is correct, as by the text move two Pawns are now isolated.	
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	18. Q to R 5th	R to B 4th
3. B to B 4th	B to B 4th	19. Q to Kt 4th	Kt to B 7th
4. P to Q Kt 4th	B takes P	20. Kt to K 4th	Q to K B sq
5. P to B 3rd	B to R 4th	21. Kt to B 6th (ch)	R takes Kt
6. P to Q 4th	Kt to B 3rd	22. P takes R	Q takes P
7. Kt to Kt 5th		If Kt takes R, then B to R 6th.	
A favourite and successful move of Mr. M'Donnell's when giving Q Kt odds.		23. Q R to Q sq	R to K B sq
8. Castles	P to K R 3rd	24. R to B 3rd	Q to B 4th
9. P to B 4th	Kt takes P	The ending is played by White with great judgment.	
10. K P takes P	B to Kt 3rd (ch)	25.	B to Q 5th
11. Q P takes P	P takes Kt	26. B to Q 6th	Kt to K 6th
12. K to R sq	B to K 3rd	27. R takes Q	R takes R
13. B takes Kt	P takes P	28. B to K 5th	
14. P to B 4th	Kt to Q 5th	Shortest and best way to victory.	
15. B takes P		28.	P to K Kt 4th
B to Q 5th may have been better, but was risky.		29. B takes B.	Resigns.
16. Kt to B 3rd	P to Q B 3rd		
17. B takes B	P takes B		

The Chess Monthly for February, which appears with the March number of other magazines, contains an admirable portrait of Mr. Blackburne and a short sketch of his chess career. We much regret to learn that on the advice of his physician the famous blindfold player finds it necessary to abandon a class of play in which he has long stood without a rival. Mr. Blackburne's most characteristic style of play is contained in his games fought without sight of the board, and it is an open question whether they do not also exhibit him at his best as a player.

The much-discussed match between Lancashire and Yorkshire has now been arranged to come off next Saturday, March 9, in the large hall of the Manchester Athenæum. There will be twenty players a side.

The Maharajah Holkar of Indore, G.C.S.I., has telegraphed to the Prince of Wales stating his intention of subscribing the sum of 100,000 rupees to the funds of the Imperial Institute.—The donations from the county of Surrey, which have been transmitted through Sir Richard Wyatt, amount to £2934.

THE ROYAL COLONIAL INSTITUTE.

The twenty-first annual report of this institute has been printed. The council congratulate the Fellows on the steady expansion of the institute since its foundation in 1868. During the past year 95 resident and 188 non-resident Fellows were elected—together 283. At the close of the year the list comprised 1212 resident and 2009 non-resident Fellows, or a total of 3221, of whom eight were honorary Fellows and 562 life Fellows. No fewer than 72 Fellows compounded for their annual subscription in 1888, and thus became life Fellows, against 42 in 1887. The library has received during the year 809 volumes, 951 pamphlets, 22,419 newspapers, eight maps, and 139 miscellaneous gifts. The number of donations has exceeded those of any previous year.

Further negotiations have taken place between the committees of the Royal Colonial Institute and of the Imperial Institute. The following bases of concerted action, which have been mutually approved, are recommended by the council for adoption by the Fellows: "Considering that the Royal Colonial Institute has for the last twenty years devoted itself to the promotion of the interests of the Colonies, as recited by its Royal charter; that it is one of the main objects of the Imperial Institute to further the same work; and that the common object of the two institutes can best be promoted by mutual co-operation—the following bases of concerted action, having for their aim the affiliation of the Royal Colonial Institute to the Imperial Institute, are suggested for adoption:— 1. The Royal Colonial Institute shall retain its existing title and the privileges granted by its Royal charter. 2. All who have been admitted as Fellows of the Royal Colonial Institute up to the time when the Imperial Institute is officially opened, to be thereupon *ipso facto* members of the Imperial Institute, having all the privileges accorded to ordinary members thereof. 3. The governing bodies of the two institutes to arrange terms under which the members of the Imperial Institute shall be admitted Fellows of the Royal Colonial Institute, and under which those Fellows of the Royal Colonial Institute who are elected after the official opening of the Imperial Institute shall be admitted members of the Imperial Institute. 4. The management of the affairs of the Royal Colonial Institute and the control of its finances shall continue in the hands of the council of the Royal Colonial Institute. In consideration of the privileges secured to the Fellows of the Royal Colonial Institute, as set forth herein, a contribution shall be made from the funds of the Royal Colonial Institute to the funds of the Imperial Institute, the amount of such contribution to be settled hereafter. 5. The council of the Royal Colonial Institute to be represented on the council of the Imperial Institute, and the council of the Imperial Institute to be represented on the council of the Royal Colonial Institute. The number of representatives in each case to be settled hereafter. 6. The building in Northumberland-avenue to be retained as the property and for the use of the Fellows of the Royal Colonial Institute. 7. The arrangements which serve as the bases of affiliation to be open to modification by mutual consent."

The council are hopeful that an object which they have always had at heart, but have hitherto been unable to carry out for want of sufficient funds—viz., the establishment in London of a colonial museum—may ere long be accomplished through the instrumentality of the Imperial Institute.

INCORPORATED SOCIETY OF AUTHORS.

A general meeting of the members of this society was held on Feb. 21 at Willis's Rooms. Dr. Richard Garnett presided; and the members present included Sir Frederick Pollock, Mr. Walter Besant (chairman of the committee of management), Mr. Edmund Gosse, Mr. H. Rider Haggard, Dr. B. W. Richardson, Mr. A. Galt Ross, Mr. A. P. Q. Crouch, Mrs. Lynn Linton, Miss Hesba Stretton, Mrs. E. R. Pennell, and Dr. James Martineau.

The report of the executive committee showed that the total number of members now on the roll of the society was 386. Among the new departures undertaken by the society were the organisation of a staff of readers to advise young authors as to their work; the formation of an agency, affiliated to the society, whose business it should be to receive MSS. from members of the society, and to place them among newspapers at home and abroad; and the publication, at the actual cost price, of the books of such members of the society as might wish to have their works so produced. With regard to international copyright, the hope was expressed that the measures now before Congress would, with some modifications, be passed this year. The consolidation of the Acts of Domestic Copyright was one of the objects proposed by the society, whose Bill was now prepared and would be presented to Parliament when there was a likelihood of the House being able to resume legislation of this kind. The report was carried unanimously.

Brief speeches followed from several members, including Sir Frederick Pollock, who urged the necessity for a proper business understanding between authors and publishers in their transactions. Mr. Walter Besant said that he was confident there was no other society which had done so much with such small financial backing. He sincerely hoped their numbers might speedily increase; and he was sure that if they wanted more money they would get it. The meeting terminated with a cordial vote of thanks to the chairman.

ASTRONOMICAL OCCURRENCES IN MARCH.

(From the Illustrated London Almanack.)

The Moon is near Mars during the evening hours of the 3rd; the planet being to the left of the Moon. She is near Venus during the evening hours of the 5th; the planet being to the right of the Moon. She is near Saturn during the night common to the 13th and 14th, being to the right of the planet; but the distance between them is lessening throughout the night. She is near Jupiter on the mornings of the 24th and 25th, being to the right of the planet on the former and to the left on the latter morning; and she is near Mercury on the 29th. Her phases or times of change are:—

New Moon	on the 1st	at 1 minute	after 10h in the afternoon.
First Quarter	"	9th	" 59 " afternoon.
Full Moon	"	17th	" 48 " morning.
Last Quarter	"	24th	" 54 " morning.
New Moon	"	31st	" 37 " morning.

She is most distant from the Earth on the morning of the 9th, and nearest to it on the 21st at noon.

Mercury is a morning star, rising on the 5th at 5h 44m a.m., or 56 minutes before sunrise; on the 10th at 5h 38m a.m., or 50 minutes before sunrise; on the 15th at 5h 34m a.m., or 42 minutes before sunrise; on the 20th at 5h 29m a.m., or 36 minutes before sunrise; on the 25th at 5h 25m a.m., or 29 minutes before sunrise; and on the 30th at 5h 18m a.m., or 25 minutes before sunrise. He is in descending node on the 8th, at his greatest western elongation (27 deg. 35 min.) on the 13th, and near the Moon on the 29th.

Venus is an evening star, setting on the 1st at 10h 11m p.m., on the 11th at 10h 27m p.m., on the 21st at 10h 35m p.m., and on the 31st at 10h 27m p.m. She is near the Moon on the 5th, and in perihelion on the same day, and at greatest brilliancy on the 25th.

Mars is an evening star, setting on the 1st at 8h 18m p.m., or 2h 40m after sunset; on the 11th at 8h 21m p.m., or 2h 26m after sunset; on the 21st at 8h 25m p.m., or 2h 13m after sunset; and on the 31st at 8h 25m p.m., or 1h 58m after sunset. He is near the Moon on the 3rd.

Jupiter rises on the 2nd at 3h 41m a.m., on the 12th at 3h 7m a.m., on the 22nd at 2h 33m a.m., and on the 31st at 1h 56m a.m. He is near the Moon on the 24th, and in quadrature with the Sun on the 27th.

Saturn is due south on the 1st at 10h 32m p.m., on the 15th at 9h 33m p.m., and on the 30th at 8h 32m p.m. He sets on the 3rd at 6h 5m a.m., or 39 minutes before sunrise; on the 13th at 5h 24m a.m., or 57 minutes before sunrise; on the 23rd at 4h 44m a.m., or 1h 15m before sunrise; and on the 31st at 4h 11m a.m., or 1h 30m before sunrise. He is near the Moon on the 14th.

NEW BOOKS.

The Last Voyage to India and Australia in the Sunbeam. By the late Lady Brassey (Longmans and Co.).—The lamented death of Lady Brassey, in the year before last, took place in the Indian Ocean, on the homeward voyage of the famous steam-yacht, the Sunbeam, which had visited, under Lord Brassey's skilful command, the most interesting seas and shores all round the navigable parts of the globe, and had enabled its accomplished mistress to see and to describe, in her clever and agreeable narratives, countries and people whose various aspects supply an endless spectacle for the entertainment of her countless readers. Few authors of "globe-trotting" books of travel have written so pleasantly, at once sympathetically, genially, and unaffectedly, or have made better use of such opportunities to observe and portray the manifold diversities of natural scenery and of human life, with which modern nautical improvements, and the increase of this kind of popular literature, aided by sketches, photographs, and engravings, have made us acquainted. Lady Brassey, unhappily, did not live to complete the record of this "last voyage," to arrange her journal and to insert, as in her former works, the fruits of mature reflection and precise inquiry; but the portion added by her husband is of considerable value, referring especially to that important question of Imperial policy, the defence of the Cape route to the East Indies, China, and Australia, with the state of its harbours and coaling-stations, which his Lordship has carefully examined. The outward voyage, for Lady Brassey, commenced at Suez in the autumn of 1886, when she embarked in the Sunbeam after a brief sojourn in Egypt. Lord and Lady Brassey landed at Bombay, and were the guests of the Governor and Lady Reay, while their presence was hailed by all classes of the community, Europeans, Parsees, Jews, Hindoos, and Mahomedans, with a cordial welcome; and the hospitalities of that bustling commercial city, where Asiatic leisure is superseded by lively social and individual enterprise, were an attractive surprise. The Court of the Rajah of Patiala, and that of the Nizam of Hyderabad, both visited by Lord and Lady Brassey, exhibited the gorgeous but rather tasteless pomp of native Indian Princes, in their palaces, retinues and equipages, their troops of elephants, their hunting parties, menageries, splendid dresses and jewels. Among the diversions pro-

with much interest, and with a feeling of regard for the authoress herself.

To Siam and Malaya, in the Duke of Sutherland's Yacht Sans Peur. By Mrs. Florence Caddy (Hurst and Blackett).—The Duke of Sutherland, in December, 1887, went in his own steam-yacht to pass the winter in the sunny clime of the Far East, and devoted some of his attention to railway and other engineering projects for the improvement of traffic in that part of the world. Two ladies were on board the Sans Peur, one being a family connection of its noble owner; the other, Mrs. Caddy, who is a botanist and naturalist, and whose journal of all the experiences and observations of the party makes an entertaining book. A medical gentleman in attendance on his Grace, the officers of the yacht, and Mr. Cobham, who joined the party in India, made enough society afloat; but, of course, wherever the Duke landed, he met a cordial welcome, and enjoyed much intercourse with native and European residents. The voyage began from Brindisi, and went through the Suez Canal; the party kept their Christmas in the Red Sea. At Massowah, they landed to visit the camp of the Italian army under command of General San Marzano, whose son, an enthusiastic and amiable young artillery officer, conducted them all over the lines, forts, and outposts. The Duke, having been the

British Consul-General, Sir Andrew Clarke, and Mr. McGregor. Their arrival was just in time for witnessing a series of extraordinary ceremonial festivities, continued many days, at the solemn public cremation of the bodies of four lately deceased members of the Royal family, three of them young children of the King and Queen. This grand State and Buddhist religious ceremony, adorned with the greatest pomp and splendour, was preceded and followed, as an occasion of popular rejoicing for the entrance of the departed spirits into celestial Nirvana, by a wonderful medley of shows, feasts, dances, games, fireworks, and music, and the distribution of gifts, in an enclosed ground called the Premane; the King, Princes, Ministers, and courtiers being frequently present by day or night. Mrs. Caddy's minute account of the proceedings has more fresh interest than her description of the curious city of Bangkok, with its many dwelling-houses constructed on barges in the river, several of which are commodiously inhabited by respectable English families; or the vast and gorgeous but dilapidated Wats, the great Buddhist temples and monasteries, and the remains of Ayuthia, the ancient Siamese capital, forty miles higher up the Menam. Of these places and buildings, and of the scenery on the banks of that river, the rice-fields, the palm-groves, the boatmen, and the peasant-folk, one may have read in the books of other travellers.

We are not the less bound to acknowledge Mrs. Caddy's diligence and intelligence, and the fullness of her local information. The Siamese do not seem to be particularly desirous of having the railway made from Bangkok up to Raheng, in connection with the proposed line from Moulemein to Western China; but they are well content that the neighbour State of Burmah has come under British dominion. In the return voyage of the Sans Peur, the Duke of Sutherland and his friends visited the intelligent Sultan of Johore, a Malay principality not far from Singapore, where they met Prince Bernhard of Saxe-Weimar. Ceylon, where they spent a week or more, Cairo and Alexandria, on the way home, fill the concluding chapters of this lively and amusing volume.

Seas and Skies in Many Latitudes. By the Hon. Ralph Abercromby. (E. Stanford.)—The consistent and systematic pursuit of a very useful course of scientific observations, in which the author is eminently proficient, and for the sake of which he has traversed the wide oceans and visited remote shores and islands all round the globe, con-

WHIMS AND ODDITIES.



SHOT AN ARROW INTO THE AIR,

IT FELL TO EARTH, I KNEW NOT WHERE;
FOR, SO SWIFTLY IT FLEW, THE SIGHT
COULD NOT FOLLOW IT IN ITS FLIGHT.



BREATHED A SONG INTO THE AIR
IT FELL TO EARTH I KNEW NOT WHERE;
FOR WHO HAS SIGHT SO KEEN AND STRONG,
THAT IT CAN FOLLOW THE FLIGHT OF A SONG.



LONG, LONG AFTERWARD, IN AN OAK
I FOUND THE ARROW, STILL UNBROKE;



AND THE SONG FROM BEGINNING TO END
I FOUND AGAIN IN THE HEART OF A FRIEND

THE ARROW AND THE SONG.

With apologies to the Shade of Longfellow.

vided for the English guests in the neighbourhood of Hyderabad was that of buck-hunting with the cheetah or tame leopard. On leaving Bombay, the Sunbeam, running down the western coast of India, stopped at Goa, where the old Portuguese city is abandoned, being now a mere collection of ruins overgrown with jungle; but a new town has arisen in a more convenient situation. The next port to which importance belongs in this narrative is Rangoon, the maritime gateway of Burmah; a great resort of trade and already grown to be a large city, which may almost be called the Bombay of "India beyond the Ganges." The Sunbeam thence proceeded to the Malay Archipelago, touched at Labuan, and coasted round British North Borneo, to which a good share of space is devoted in this volume. The cultivation and manufacture of sago, the quest of edible birds'-nests in the caves of Madai, and other peculiar occupations in Borneo, are minutely described. Lady Brassey appreciated the picturesque features of the forest interior, and the strange appearance and habits of the natives, but suffered much from the plague of insects and the oppressive tropical climate. The latter part of her journal relates the tour round Australia, sojourning at Adelaide, Melbourne, Sydney, and Brisbane, making excursions to the inland districts, witnessing the sports of the country and the domestic life of wealthy squatters in Victoria, New South Wales, and Queensland. The homeward voyage was begun on the northern route through Torres Straits, where the pearl-fisheries and those of "beche-de-mer" engaged the travellers' attention. Lady Brassey died at sea, not many days afterwards, to the deep regret of all who heard the sad news at that time. This handsome volume, adorned with many fine illustrations from photographs and from Mr. Pritchett's drawings, will be read

personal friend and host of Garibaldi in England, naturally found high favour with the patriotic Italian soldiers. Their force on the Red Sea coast was nearly 20,000, and they evidently intend to stay; but it is difficult for them to advance. The admirable order and sanitary regulation of their camp, a point in which the Italian military administration is perhaps superior to any other, merits the praises bestowed on it. The Sans Peur crossed the ocean from Aden to the west coast of India, and visited the new Portuguese settlement of Marmagoa, where the Duke and other gentlemen landed to travel across country to Madras, inspecting a new line of railway, while Mrs. Caddy went round by sea, not stopping in Ceylon. Having met his Grace and his companions, including Lady Clare, at Madras, with Mr. Cobham and Mr. Swan, a railway engineer, at the end of January, the yacht proceeded to Singapore, where the Governor of the Straits Settlements, Sir Cecil Clementi Smith, and his lady, showed due civilities to the Duke's party. On Feb. 14 they arrived at Bangkok, on the river Menam, the capital of Siam, and during a sojourn of fourteen days were entertained by his Majesty King Chulalongkorn, the affable Sovereign of that remarkable East Asiatic Kingdom, with the greatest courtesy and kindness. They were lodged in a handsome new building of Italian architecture, called "The Palace of Calm Delights," opposite the King's Palace, with numerous attendants and every luxury that could be provided. Lady Clare's brother, Mr. Edward Michell, being Solicitor-General or legal adviser to the King of Siam, and Dr. Gowan, the Court physician, who is a Scotchman, having a native Prince, Yai Sanitwongse, who has been an Edinburgh medical student, for his partner, our countrymen were soon made to feel quite at home; they also met Mr. Gould, the

stitutes the peculiar merit of this instructive book. Mr. Ralph Abercromby is an accomplished meteorologist, whose treatise on "Weather" is one of the best works of the "International Scientific Series"; and his "Wanderings in Search of Weather," to Australasia, the Fiji Islands, and the Western Pacific, and thence round Cape Horn, again to the Arctic region of Northern Europe as far as Archangel, and on later occasions to the Cape of Good Hope, Mauritius, Ceylon, India, and the Himalayas, and on to the Malay Archipelago, to Borneo, to Manila, and to Japan, returning across the American Continent, and examining the United States Government observatory on Pike's Peak in the Rocky Mountains, prove his enterprising zeal to compass sea and land for the special acquisition of really valuable knowledge. To the interesting narratives of these voyages, undertaken within the past four years, including his observations while passing through Egypt in 1885, he has prefixed some notes of a residence in Canada twenty years before, when he was an officer of the 60th Rifles, and when he had already formed the habit of carefully recording phenomena of climate, season, and weather, and that of reasoning on their geographical causes. We recommend Mr. Abercromby's book as an important contribution to science. It is rendered more attractive by the aid of beautiful cloud-photographs and sea-photographs, including one of a coral-reef at Levuka, with suitable maps and many diagrams, and with engravings of picturesque scenes and figures. Two or three of the last-mentioned have, by favour of the author, been published in *The Illustrated London News*; they represented the edible birds'-nests in the caves at Gomanton, in Borneo, and the body of a huge orang-outang killed by a party of English sportsmen.



THE BATTLE OF FLOWERS AT CANNES.

DRAWN BY E. HOPKINS.

THE "BATTLE OF FLOWERS" AT CANNES.

The artifices of public amusement, for the attraction and detention of foreign visitors, are to the gay towns of the Riviera, in their sunny winter season, an object of not less importance to local prosperity than the substantial trade and manufactures of other places. Advantage is taken of the customary outbreak of social festivity preceding the ecclesiastical appointment of Lent, to celebrate the Carnival, or "Good-bye to Flesh-meat," with a parade of jovial fun and comical pageantry, which is carried on with as much spirit as in Rome and other Italian cities. At Cannes, at Nice, and at Mentone the observance of this pleasant drollery, so congenial to the lively people of the Mediterranean shores, is made as entertaining as possible; the municipal authorities, supported by the richer classes of the inhabitants, give prizes, for the best cars adorned with painted scenery and carrying groups of actors in costume; the best cavalades on horseback, or mounted in grotesque attire on mules or asses; the best fancy dresses in the pedestrian part of the street procession; and the best decoration of the houses with flags and coloured drapery, or with palm-branches, evergreens, and a profusion of gorgeous flowers. The result is an outdoor extravaganza, which affords free scope to invention, and in the preparation of which a good deal of money is spent, while the hotel-keepers, those who let out carriages on hire, and many of the shopkeepers, especially dealing in ribbons, garlands, and comfits, make a tolerable profit, besides contributing to the honour and glory of the town. Our Artist, in his representation of this merry scene at Cannes, which has been witnessed year after year by many English visitors, including the Prince of Wales and other members of the Royal family, shows that phase of the Carnival antics styled "The Battle of Flowers," where opposing rows of open carriages meet each other for an amicable conflict, the gentlemen and ladies in them pelting their friends with bouquets and showers of roses, carnations, hyacinths, violets, and other floral ammunition. The fun of this pretty mimic combat grows fast and furious with increasing excitement; whole broadsides are discharged at the innocent heads and bosoms of an innocent family; and it may even happen that an explosive shell, containing a "billet-doux," is aimed at some young heart, which will be kindled to warmer emotion when the missive is opened and read.

ART BOOKS.

The Industries of Japan. By Professor J. J. Rein (Hodder and Stoughton).—It is now four years since the translation of Professor Rein's "Travels in Japan" first appeared, relating with truly German conscientiousness the experiences of many years. The second part of the Bonn Professor's labours is now before us in the form of a ponderous volume of nearly six hundred pages, bearing witness to the zeal and method with which the German Government is opening up and explaining to its countrymen the resources and opportunities offered by foreign markets. It is scarcely our business to follow the learned author in his remarks on the agricultural and forest industries, the mineral resources and the commercial relations of Japan. We shall do our duty by saying that to those whose business brings them into contact with the far East, and to those who are in doubt as to what Japan requires or produces, Professor Rein's volume will prove a mine of wealth. It is fair, however, to add that in no case does the author invest his statistics and descriptions with brilliant suggestions or fallacious promises. He is sober and temperate in all things, and it is scarcely possible to open the volume at hazard without learning something new or something useful. In discussing "The Art Industries of Japan" Professor Rein gives some interesting details of the daily life of a Japanese workman; and he attributes the excellence of so much of their work to the long and careful training to which they have, as a class, been subjected for almost countless generations. "The ordinary man," he tells us, "can generally make a clearly fair sketch of any article he has seen, or of any route over which he has travelled"—a faculty which the author holds to be fostered by the difficulty with which Chinese or Japanese letters are formed. In those countries the complete mastery of the three R's is sufficient to launch a man on his career as a designer, a painter, a sculptor, or a philosopher. Professor Rein will not admit that the Japanese are deficient in inventive power, although he admits that this quality is in some degree overshadowed by their imitative instinct, and is, moreover, devoted to mere artistic creation rather than to mechanical contrivance. The lacquer-work and paper industry are, he thinks, capable of almost indefinite development, and the cheapness of labour and the raw materials required will for a long time render Japan a dangerous rival in these markets. Metal work and pottery, on the other hand, attract rather the artistic than the purely industrial class; and although the European demand for good work in these branches will probably be sustained, there is little danger of Japan proving a dangerous rival in the production of the more ordinary objects of daily use. In spite of its appalling dimensions, we can cordially recommend Professor Rein's work as a trustworthy guide to the present conditions of Japanese industry.

Japan and Its Art. By Marcus B. Huish (Fine-Art Society, 143, New Bond-street).—In connection with the interesting collection of Japanese art-objects brought together at the Fine-Art Society's Gallery last year, Mr. Huish arranged a course of lectures by well-known experts and amateurs. The substance of their criticisms and suggestions formed the basis of a series of articles which subsequently appeared in the *Art Journal*, the editor almost unduly effacing himself behind his fellow-workers. In the present volume, Mr. Huish, whilst availing himself freely of his "Notes on Japan," has produced an almost original work, which, though of modest dimensions, offers a very complete hand-book to Japan and its art. In such a survey the physical aspect, the history, social and political, and the religion play an important part; and of these "environments" of art we have not only a very readable, but also a trustworthy account, drawn from the best sources, and told in a brief but not in a scatty way. Two influences above all others seem to have left their mark on Japanese art: the love of nature and the love of legends. Except in the sculpture of ivory and wood, religion seems to have played but a small rôle in the development of Japanese art; and even in this branch it was to a comparatively recent date—perhaps not earlier than the sixteenth century—that Mr. Huish and Mr. Gonse assign the shrines and deities the use of which Buddhism rendered obligatory in every household. If, as is probable, the new idols only replaced old ones, it is safe to infer that the earlier forms of Buddhism, with its gorgeous ritual, Taoism and even Shintoism, had recourse to the sculptor's aid to bring home definite ideas to the minds of the people. An old Japanese poet said—

Japan is not a land where men need pray
For 'tis itself divine.

But the Japanese must have differed from all other nations more than it is possible to allow, if they were able to go on for many centuries cultivating æsthetic feelings

without developing religious anthropomorphism. Japanese folk-lore, with its inexhaustible supply of beneficent and malignant "demons," no doubt had a strong hold over the popular mind, as was seen in the quaint pictures recently exhibited at the British Museum; and we shall be surprised if further investigation does not assign an earlier date to Japanese sculpture than contemporary authorities seem disposed to recognise. Perhaps the most interesting chapter of Mr. Huish's most useful hand-book is that on metal work, on which he can speak with fully as great authority as those whose opinions he quotes; and the hints he gives to collectors on this subject are worthy of careful attention.

Art in the Modern State. By Lady Dilke (Chapman and Hall).—This careful epitome of the relations of the State toward Art in France during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries is the almost necessary supplement to the author's previous work. She shows, with commendable clearness and brevity, the policy of Richelieu, Mazarin, and Colbert towards Art and letters; and, whilst recognising the benefits of official recognition, Lady Dilke is not blind to the dangers of an academic style. In our country we should shudder at the thought of the Commissioners of Works being transformed into an Academy of Architecture, as was done by Colbert; whilst, on the other hand, we should regard a Chancellor of the Exchequer aiming at financial equilibrium as bereft of reason were he to place the adornment of the Metropolis under the management of the Institute of Architects. In our own country, too, the official support given to the Royal Academy has, in the eyes of some, been not without its drawbacks; but Lady Dilke argues, with considerable force and ability, that in France the struggles of the Academy against private teaching by artists established a standard of taste all over the country which showed itself later on in the industrial products of the people. It was Colbert, in his eagerness to foster French manufactures, who inaugurated—or, at all events, officially recognised—the "Classical style." And, although the "Ecole de Rome" was founded with the view of widening the views and methods of the French school, it was from the first subjected to influences which were destined, so far as painting was concerned, to mar its usefulness. Perhaps the most interesting part of Lady Dilke's volume is the vivacious picture she draws of the quarrels and calamities of the French artists in the middle of the seventeenth century. She enables us to see, moreover, how the fatal system of centralisation, which found its highest development under the "Grand Monarque," was in the end fatal to real art life and progress. What, however, Lady Dilke fails, in our judgment, to bring out with sufficient distinctness is the reason why sculpture flourished whilst painting dwindled under a system of State patronage. Puget, Coysevox, and the like display an individuality and force which distinguish them from Lebrun's favourite assistants in the decoration of Versailles; and in the following century we find the sculptors still vigorous and self-reliant long after the art of painting had fallen to the level of scenic decoration or the artificial setting of a *fête champêtre*. Lady Dilke illustrates her very useful and most readable survey of French art by a number of State papers, which probably now for the first time see the light of day since they were originally drawn up. They throw much interesting light upon the struggles of the artists to maintain their independence, and the astuteness with which Colbert met their appeals to permit the "Académie de St. Luc" to be free of State control whilst enjoying all the advantages of State patronage. It must be admitted that the privileges—and pecuniary advantages—offered to the Rectors and Professors of the Royal Academy do not seem, judged by the standard of the present day, to have been very alluring; but the tendency of those times was towards absolutism; and it is not surprising to find, when the great works of Versailles were being pushed forward, that few artists could follow the example of Jacques Callot, and stand aloof from the temptations which Chancellor Lebrun could offer to those who were willing to accept the State-yoke.

PERSEVERANCE A FALLACY.

I propose the formation of a company (limited liability) for the Exposure of the Fallacy of Proverbial Commonplaces. To my thinking we have lived long enough under the tyranny of the platitudes and truisms which our forefathers valued so highly, and therefore transmitted as heirlooms to be revered by their suffering descendants. Even the crushed worm will turn; and a generation dieted upon such meagre viands may be expected to rebel sooner or later. To be sure, it is never an easy task to strike from the tortured limbs the fetters of tradition and the shackles of association; but, then, this is an age which prides itself upon making short work of old creeds, old cults, old systems, old prejudices—an age which is continuously parading its enlightenment, its freedom, its progressiveness; and I rely upon its prevailing spirit of reform to assist me in my projected movement of emancipation. Our legislators are always promising to relieve us from something or other which, they inform us, is a burden on our energies or an obstacle to our progress. Sometimes the grievances which they undertake to redress seem of a very shadowy character; but here is a real, tangible, palpable, unmistakable evil!—a case of the most onerous coercion!—the despotism of phrases, the despotism of "proverbs" and "proverbial sayings"—a despotism which, however patiently borne in the past, has at length become intolerable. Will they not help us to remove it?

I remember how my boyhood, *sub consulo Planco*, was made miserable by this worse than "Balfourian coercion," this crueller than "Bismarckian despotism"! In those remote days we boys were pelted with proverbs, put upon plank-beds of proverbs, starved upon a prison fare of proverbs! They glared at us from our copy-books; they grinned at us in our almanacks; they haunted us like grim phantoms when we writhed in the throes of composition. It was our miserable fortune, once a week, to indite what was called a "theme," the subject thereof being duly propounded by our head master. How well I remember his fine old crusted favourite—"Perseverance overcomes every difficulty"! The dullness, the stupidity, into which our attempts to enlarge upon this atrocious commonplace plunged us is not to be told in words. Again, at the end of the year, we had to prepare smooth specimens of our improved calligraphy, written in our best style, and framed within red ink margins by the dexterity of the writing-master. Lo! in large text, the inevitable morality—"Perseverance overcomes every difficulty"! It cropped up in our Latin grammar—"Perseverantia omnia vincit." A silver medal every Christmas fell to the lot of him whom Dr. Pedagogos most delighted to honour. Alas! on the reverse was ever engraved the delusive legend—"Perseverance overcomes every difficulty." After presenting this and other prizes, amid the applause of our parents, our *confrères*, our cousins, and our aunts, the Doctor invariably addressed to his dear young friends "a few parting words," which as invariably closed with the same assurance respecting the invincible properties of perseverance; and with the only too well-known phraseology buzzing in our ears we went forth to mingle in the hum of men.

Alas! we were still exposed to the presence of the tyrant!

If our uncles remembered that boys are as fond of "a tip" as railway porters, the welcome sovereign was accompanied by the unwelcome formula, which, somehow or other, seemed to take a considerable discount off the twenty shillings. On "embracing our life's vocation," our elders graciously informed us that we had taken the first step, that the world was all before us, and that to get the best of it nothing was needed but perseverance. Good, very good books were given to us along with our new wardrobes: books intended to improve our minds—to "soften our manners, nor suffer them to be brutal"; books about the pursuit of knowledge, getting on, self-help, and the like. We opened their eloquent pages, and there—there—was the fateful maxim, "Perseverance overcomes every difficulty"! Nay, worse; great names were trotted out, names of men who had become Croesuses through acting upon this old-world adage; names of men who had invented steam-engines and spinning-jennies—all through perseverance! Who had been suckled in garrets, and yet had lived to sit uneasily upon the woollack or crown their aching heads with episcopal mitres—all through perseverance! Our young lives were made wretched by these things; but our kinsmen thought greatly of them, and were as fond as Dissenting preachers of "the practical application." "You see, Tommy," they would say, "how these men got on in life. They began, my boy, without any of your advantages" (*My advantages!* Was the repetition of that stale old truism one of these?), "and yet rose to the highest positions through their perseverance—their habit of perseverance. Cultivate that habit, Tommy, and there's no knowing but that you may rise as high as they did—'Perseverance overcomes every difficulty'!"

Gradually it dawned upon us that there was a fallacy somewhere—that the proverb and the result did not always co-ordinate. In the first place, our worthy mentors—it was not to be doubted—had strenuously cultivated the habit they so emphatically recommended; and yet perseverance had not seated them on the woollack nor thrust their heads into tiaras. And if the maxim failed in their case, why might it not fail in ours? We did not feel the least like being Bishops or Lord Chancellors; I cannot honestly say that we even wished to be either the one or the other. Then, again, we read that a great many persons had tried to invent steam-engines and had not succeeded, and this did not seem to agree with the unbounded assurance of that declaration of the faith of our ancestors, for it was evident that the aforesaid persons had done what is called their level best, and yet had *persevered* themselves into nothing better than premature graves and lunatic asylums, so that the "difficulties had not been overcome," but had overcome them. We felt inclined to shed the tear of sympathy over their tombs, apprehending that a similar fate would surely be ours if we tried our hands at steam-engines and spinning-jennies with nothing better than perseverance to back us up.

Speaking for myself, I feel bound to say that these sad conclusions of our boyhood have been confirmed to me by the experiences of later years. I don't believe one whit in the proverbial philosophy of our ancestors, and least of all in this particular specimen of it. When my proposed company is formed (Lord Derby, with his admirable common-sense, would be just the chairman for it), the first fallacy I shall ask them to expose is the one that made miserable my early days—has made miserable the early days of so many—"Perseverance overcomes every difficulty." Pooh! it doesn't! We all of us have had to face difficulties which no amount of perseverance could overcome; and we have either had to fall back discomfited or to get round them. To read some of our moralists, some of our writers for the young—alas! to think that I, too, have been among the prophets!—one would suppose that "Perseverance" was the "Open, Sesame!" which unlocks every Ali Baba treasure-cave; the golden bridge which carries the wayfarer safely over stormy frith and sounding river; the magic carpet which whisks its owner up to shining heights and airy palaces. Ah me! it is all a delusion! Pluck may do a great deal, and Patience more, and Brains more than either or both; but Perseverance—pshaw!

Was there ever a more idiotic story out of a Christmas annual than that of Robert Bruce and the Spider? Yet it was, and perhaps is, a favourite illustration with our moral philosophers. That historic Spider (a capital S, if you please) tried twelve times, I believe, to climb from the floor to the roof of the barn in which the Scottish Sovereign was taking his rest, succeeding the thirteenth time, and thereby, it is said, encouraging Bruce to make another effort to drive the English invaders from his kingdom. *Moral:* Go thou, and do likewise—that is, try and try and try again. Now, as Bruce was a man of sense as well as a hero, I suspect that his comment on the Spider's performances was embodied in some such words as these, "Hech! yon wee beastie is just a fule for wasting its time!" And obviously, it could have straddled along the floor, run up the wall, and reached the point on the ceiling which it aimed at, in a few seconds; whereas its round dozen of experimental ascents must have exhausted as many minutes.—"Try and try and try again" is an apt alliterative phrase; but nine cases out of ten (and perhaps in the tenth also) it embodies the very worst of counsel. The chances are that what a man cannot do the first time he will not do the second; and time is too valuable a commodity to be expended upon endeavours to attain the unattainable.

As I am unable, for the life of me, to see that any special credit attaches to the pedestrian who "perseveres" in a road that may lead nowhere, or not to the goal he desires, I would submit that we should not so glibly enunciate the old accustomed profession of belief; or that, if we do so enunciate it, we should not forget the necessary qualifications and limitations. That ever-memorable advice, ascribed (erroneously, I believe) to Mrs. Glasse, "First catch your hare," is excellent advice with which to accompany your lauds and psalms of perseverance. First (you should say to the neophyte), choose your object; be sure that it is honourable, pure, and lofty; be sure that it lies well within your means; be sure that you are in the right way to arrive at it; be sure that in gaining it you will injure no one of your fellow-creatures; and then—well, then perseverance may come upon the scene! But not, oh! not with the agonising pretence that—*omnia vincit!* You may cut a Suez Canal, and yet fail when you would cut a Panama. Napoleon's perseverance carried him to Moscow—and to ruin; wiser he, if he had remained at Paris. The truth seems to be that life is a thing so complex, so various, so full of contradictions and *unexpectednesses*, that it is never sane or safe to indulge in generalisations. All such generalisations are fallacies; and among the most misleading I venture to include that time-honoured sample of the Wisdom of the Ancients—"Perseverance overcomes every difficulty." W. H. D.-A.

Mr. J. H. Middleton has been re-elected to the Slade Professorship of Fine Art at Cambridge University for a statutable period of three years.

The winter general meeting of the National Rifle Association was held, by permission, at the Royal United Service Institution, Whitehall-yard, on Thursday, Feb. 28.

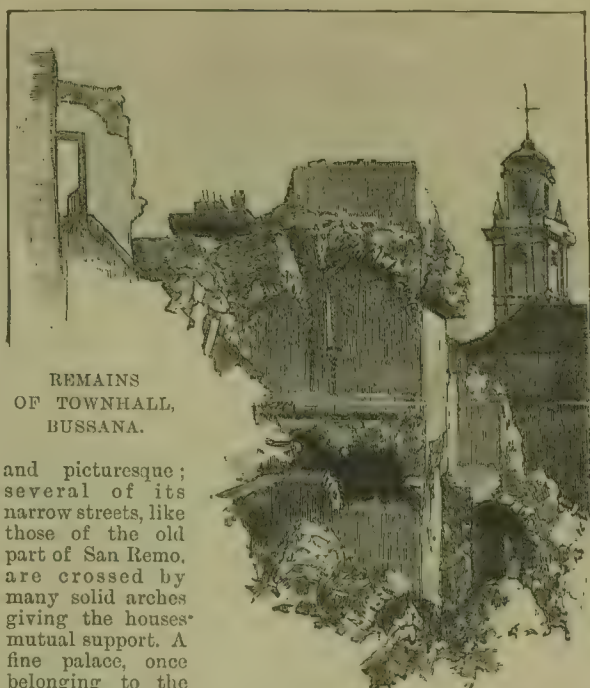
SKETCHES ON THE ITALIAN RIVIERA.

EFFECTS OF THE EARTHQUAKE OF FEB. 23, 1887.

The disastrous earthquake two years ago on the French and Italian coasts between Nice and Genoa must be still in the recollection of our readers. It will be remembered that, while at Mentone and other towns yearly visited by numerous English families in the winter, much damage was done to houses, and many people suffered great alarm and inconvenience, there was little loss of life. The most terrible and distressing effects of the earthquake, which occurred on the morning of Feb. 23, 1887, took place in several of the small Italian towns and villages, to the west and north of San Remo. Situated on the hills, away from the main road and railway that connect the well-known seaside health-stations and pleasant residential abodes of the eastern Riviera with the ordinary route of travel, those ruined local communities have been left to suffer the consequences of the great calamity with little assistance. Our Artist, who in January this year, being at San Remo, made a short excursion to Arma di Taggia and Bussana for the purpose of sketching their present appearance, was accompanied by a German friend, Professor Schöner, who wrote an interesting description. The delightful scenery above San Remo, the enfolding hills, the groves of pine, cypress, and olive, the vineyards on sunny slopes, the sheltered valleys, with plantations of orange, citron, and lemon, the picturesque figures of the peasantry loitering on the steep roads, with their mule-carts, baskets of olives, casks of oil, bundles of sticks, and linen to dry, here and there an old woman looking almost like a witch, but harmless and weary, sitting by a little fire to cook her scanty meal of polenta, beguiled the long walk from the seacoast; and there were lovely prospects of the azure waters of the Mediterranean. Bussana, formerly containing eight hundred inhabitants, occupies the summit of a ridge of hill at right angles with the higher mountain range of the Maritime Alps, commanding beautiful views of the country on either side. Here, early in the morning, before most of the people had left their houses, though a few were already at the church for the religious service of Ash Wednesday, the first shock of earthquake was felt, and scarcely a house was spared more or less damage. The roof of the church fell in and part of the townhall, while many of the stone-built dwelling-houses became heaps of ruins, under which more than fifty persons lay buried. Very few were got out alive; the fear of another shock deterred those who would have begun removing the

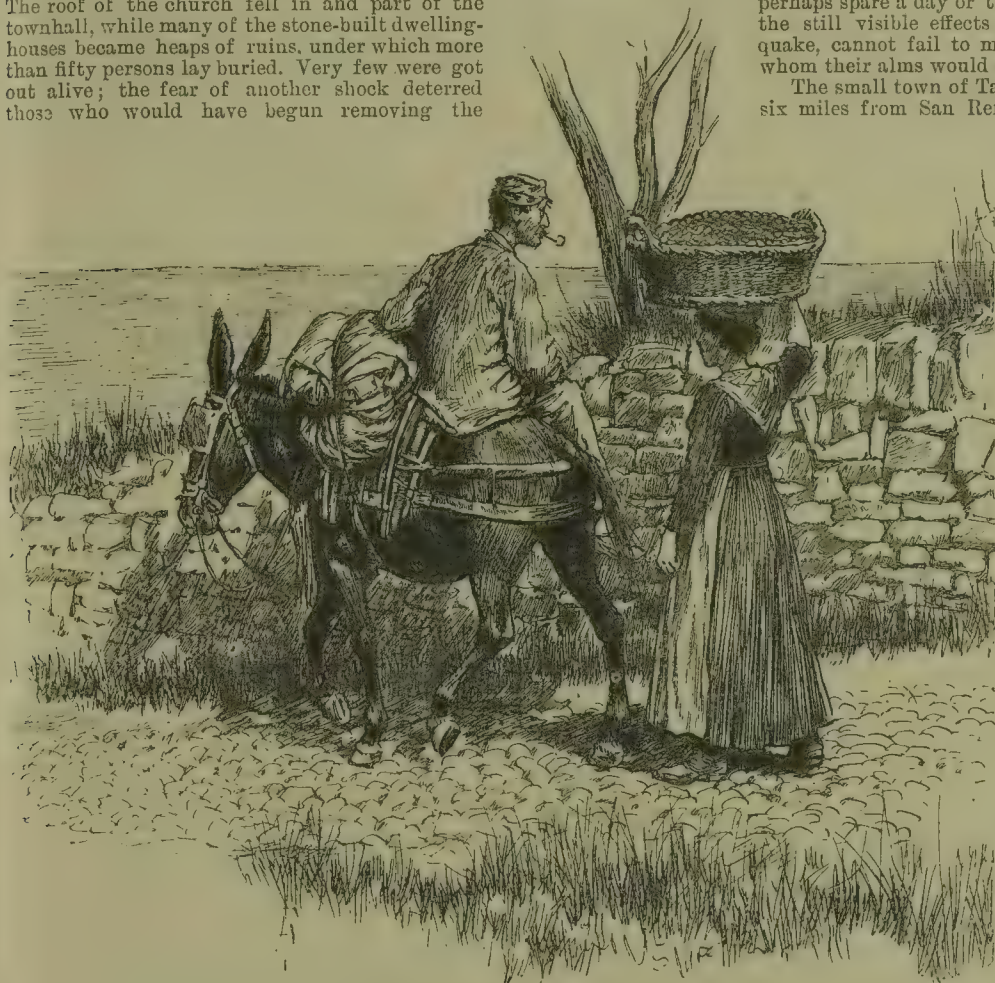
masses of rubbish. It is said that shrieks and cries for help were heard from the ruins, but little could be done for some hours. The Sindaco, or Mayor, obtained the assistance of a company of soldiers, under command of a Lieutenant, to preserve order and to protect property; there was less thought of saving life. A great number of people were severely hurt or maimed by walls or stones or beams of timber falling upon them. Twenty-one dead bodies are even now buried in the ruins of their own homes, over which small wooden crosses have been fixed, not bearing the names of the deceased, but sometimes adorned with a fading wreath or garland. It is still considered dangerous to the public health to dig up the heaps in which these corpses are hidden, and they are overspread with some chemical disinfecting substance of a reddish colour. The old houses yet standing, in a fractured and dilapidated condition, have not been repaired; all are now deserted, and the street is lonely, and blocked with heaps of ruins. Their former tenants have been removed to a new little town of wooden huts erected on lower ground, which is shown in one of our Sketches; there is a new church built of timber, a school-house, an inn, and a blacksmith's shop, all of this material, which is seldom used for building in Italy. Of the former church, a highly-decorated edifice, only the main walls are standing, with two stone figures of winged angels perched one at each side of the upper tower in the front, and two cherubs' heads over a side niche below. The chambers and staircases of the houses, in many instances, are exposed to view, with tables and chairs still left in the rooms, and flower-pots on the window-sills; in fact, they remain untouched since the earthquake. Much furniture and other property has not yet been recovered, in spite of the distressing poverty of the families who were driven out. It might seem that the Government authorities should have adopted more active measures to clear the site of the habitations. The people complain also of some unfairness and grudging parsimony in the distribution of relief to the sufferers. Bussana was certainly not a place that could afford to dispense with national or foreign charitable aid in such an overwhelming calamity. The small community will be unable for many years to retrieve its losses; and the rich and fashionable visitors to San Remo or Bordighera, who may perhaps spare a day or two for an excursion to see the still visible effects of the memorable earthquake, cannot fail to meet some poor persons on whom their alms would be fitly bestowed.

The small town of Taggia, or Arma di Taggia, six miles from San Remo by railway, is quaint

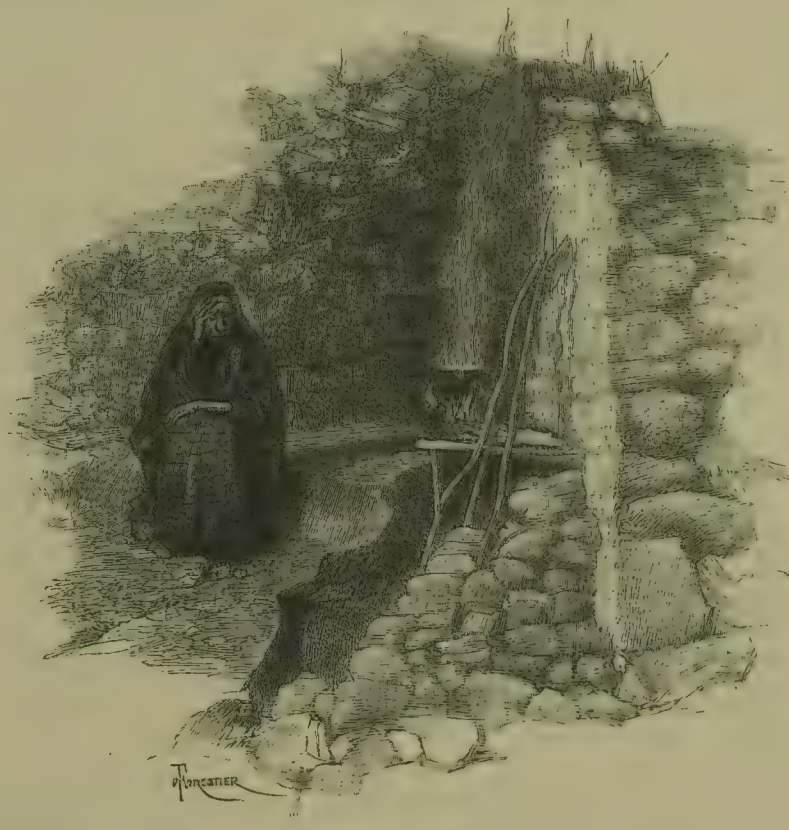


REMAINS OF TOWNHALL, BUSSANA.

and picturesque; several of its narrow streets, like those of the old part of San Remo, are crossed by many solid arches giving the houses mutual support. A fine palace, once belonging to the Marchese di Spinola, has been converted into an hotel, the Albergo d'Italia. The river Argentina, which here flows into the Mediterranean, formerly made a broad estuary and seaport, from which King Francis I. of France, when taken prisoner by Charles V. at the battle of Pavia, embarked to undergo his imprisonment in Spain. The old bed of the river is now partly filled with rocks and earth, which the stream in flood has brought down from the mountains. It is crossed by a long bridge of numerous unequal arches, which does not run straight, but makes a large bend; and at each end is a marble shrine, with statues and pictures of the Virgin and the Saints. Ruffini, the author of "Doctor Antonio," was a native of Taggia, and describes this place in the opening of his story.



RETURN FROM OLIVE-GATHERING.



AN OLD WITCH.



A LANE IN SAN REMO.



HOUSE AT BUSSANA, WHERE THE BODIES LIE BURIED.



CHERUBS' HEADS ON FRONT WALL OF CHURCH, BUSSANA.



RUINS AT BUSSANA.



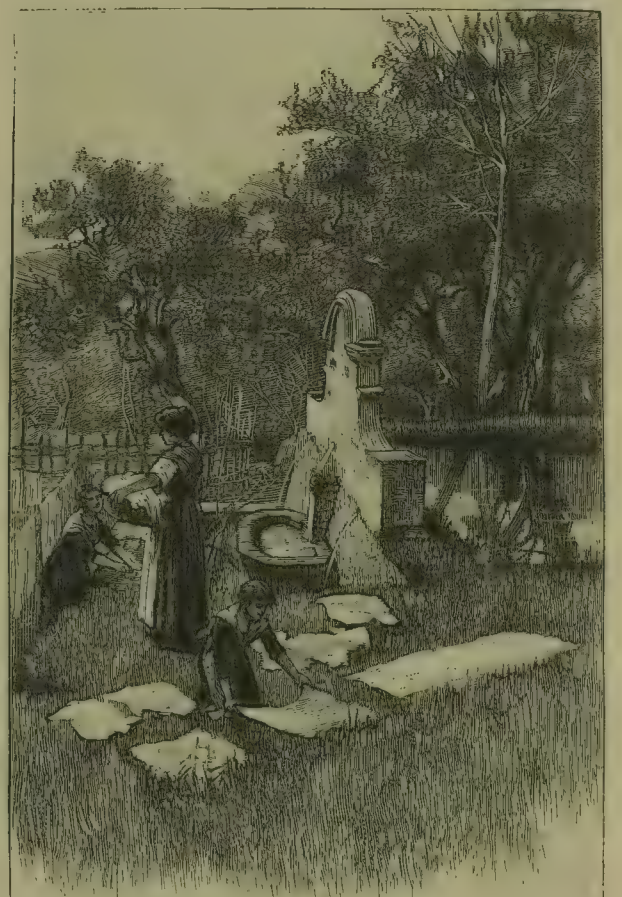
BUSSANA, WOODEN HUTS FOR THE PEOPLE.



RUINS OF THE CHURCH, BUSSANA.



ARMA DI TAGGIA.



ON THE ROAD TO BUSSANA.



GENERAL VIEW OF BUSSANA.



A FROSTY MORNING.

NIGHT WHIMSIES.

Sleep has ever supplied a theme for writers of all degrees—from the highest to the lowest—from Shakspeare and Cervantes down to the smallest and least known of poets, philosophers, and essayists. From Macbeth, Hamlet, and Henry IV., from Sancho Panza and a score of other well-known characters in history or fiction onwards, they have all had their comments to make, in one key or another, on the mysterious condition which periodically overtakes all living organisms. This "death of each day's life," this strange, unconscious state of being, this oblivion to all outward things, this forgetfulness in which the senses are steeped, has, in a word, been so speculated about and thoroughly thrashed out, as modern phraseology puts it, that it were a vain thing to strive to throw any new light on it. What it is, and how it is, is one of those secrets which, like life, Nature means to keep to herself. But this we do know about it: that any prolonged deprivation of it is one of the most serious ills which can beset mankind. Moreover, it is an ill which is said to be much on the increase—an obvious outcome of the rapid whirligig rotation at which life spins now-a-day.

And who that has ever suffered, even in a minor way, from sleeplessness can fail to be struck and appalled by its miseries, not to call them terrors? There are few of us who have reached middle life who are not acquainted with insomnia from sad experience. It is not merely the actual sleeplessness itself which is so painful to bear, it is not merely the restless torture undergone at the time of wakefulness, but, what is perhaps worse, there are the after-results—the fevered, heavy, weary, depressed state in which it leaves us for the greater part of the day ensuing upon a bad night. Leaving, however, this latter evil out of the question, there is enough and to spare that can be said of those hours when "Nature's soft nurse" is "frighted" and will not "weigh our eyelids down." Who does not know those terrible times of vain tossings when the mind wanders or rushes from one subject to another, from one trivial topic to one yet more insignificant, and when each and all, no matter how small or contemptible, become magnified into things of the gravest importance?—how every conceivable and inconceivable circumstance in our lives and doings, remote or immediate, assume proportions wholly at variance with their relative and true value? He who is subject to sleeplessness in an aggravated form, knows too well that "coward's hour," or hours, when no reasoning, no common-sense which can be summoned up, will serve in the slightest degree to dissipate or reduce to their proper dimensions the wild, extravagant, exaggerated thoughts which burst in, like thieves in the dark, upon the peace and stillness of the depth of night.

To him, bed-time is of all times the most to be dreaded; for, whether he begins by lying awake, or rouses up after a short doze, thenceforward to remain a victim to the malady till dawn appears, the demoniac shapes which in either case crowd round his pillow stifle his judgment and reduce his brain to the level of an idiot's or that of a raving lunatic. "The coward's hour" is upon him; and he plays up to it, defy it as he may. He can honestly say with Banquo—

A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,
And yet I would not sleep. Morciful powers!
Restrain in me the cursed thoughts that nature
Gives way to in repose!

Endless are the varieties of mental tribulation undergone; they change, of course, according to the mood of the temperament, character, and disposition of the sufferer. Sometimes these "night whimsies" as Nathaniel Hawthorne calls them in his marvellous romance of "The Scarlet Letter," circulate and range amongst entirely worldly affairs—the next day's arrangements that have to be carried out—the complications which will ensue if this or that piece of business should chance to slip through our hands, or fall out exactly otherwise than is expected. If anything should prevent this or that appointment from being kept (and be sure we foresee many an accident which may interrupt it that never occurred to our minds before), absolute ruin stares us in the face.

Sometimes the thoughts glide off into deeper and more speculative subjects; subjects, indeed, too deep for words—expressible, unfathomable, appalling! Anon, we grow impressed, if living in a city, by the multitude, the overwhelming multitude, of the life around us—whence comes it, and whither is it bound? and it is a comparative relief, almost, if we can slip away into such philosophising as Carlyle's Teufelsdröck, and survey existence from the heights of his attic, and in a kindred spirit to that in which he concludes his wonderful picture of the city at night, with the exclamation: "But I, mein Werther, I sit above it all; I am alone with the stars!"

Aye, indeed! To be alone with the stars, that is something—something of a relief, if it can be managed during "the coward's hour." Grim and lonely though the situation still remains, it is better to take up this mood and tone of thought than to dwell persistently upon one's own trumpery individuality; to think of others instead of ourselves, and to remember that if there be thousands of enviable "two-legged animals without feathers" enjoying the blessing of sound sleep, there are at least scores worse off than we are, and only separated from us by "a little carpentry and masonry."

Thinking of others, however, is not unfrequently an exciting cause of wakefulness. The phlegmatic man, who thinks only of himself in a certain sense, is generally the best of sleepers. His nerves are not affected as yours are; and the doctors tell us that it is the wear and tear of the nervous system which produce insomnia. Hence it must not be supposed that Teufelsdröck's philosophising will send us to sleep; it can only be regarded as a healthier form of night whimsy—a broader flowing channel on which to let our midnight fancies drift. Henry IV. flies to it, though in a kindlier and less saturnine spirit than that of the German professor of things in general, in his great speech on sleeplessness, beginning: "How many of my poorest subjects are at this hour asleep!" But whether we are kings or commoners, students or commercial travellers, philosophers or boobies—whether we have the chance of taking our rest "in the perfumed chambers of the great, under the canopy of costly state," or whether Fate ordains us to "lie in smoky cribs upon uneasy pallets"—there is at times no immunity from wakefulness; and he is lucky who can lift himself, as it were, into the attic of calm contemplation. Only there will he find anything approaching that mental repose which is the first step, even before physical fatigue, towards peaceful slumber. Grant, however, that one is able to attain to this mood, there is still great risk that such an attitude of mind will engender a sadness almost as bad to bear, and equally evil in its result, as the wilder torments of the night whimsy. The man or woman whose heart is not entirely hardened can scarcely fail to bethink them of days that are no more, and of those many or few near and dear ones who have passed into the eternal sleep—the land where there is no insomnia, and where the dreams are the realities of eternal happiness.

We may have as little as mortal may have wherewith to reproach ourselves: there shall be no occasion for more remorse

than falls to the lot of the least blameworthy in poor humanity. The retrospect of our lives (and this retrospect is inevitably a conspicuous haunting phantom of the sleepless pillow) may bear with success the closest examination; yet we shall, nevertheless, fail to stem the saddening recollection of "How fast has brother followed brother, From the sunlight to the sunless land!" And that thought—to say nothing of others kindred to it—will often be more than sufficient to keep the oblivion of slumber at bay.

The cure for such insomnia is, alas! hard to find. Drugs are, in most cases, worse in their effects than the disease, and doctors are often at their wits' end when called on for help. The surest, and, indeed, the only healthy panacea, is plenty of fresh air and an occasional change of it. Constant exposure to the four winds of heaven is the best antidote to the night whimsy; and a brisk walk or quiet stroll beneath the stars immediately before we seek our bed is often known to act like magic. Any systematic or routine mode of life into which we have fallen, and which it may be our habit to follow, should be suddenly changed if possible, so that, as it were, the spell shall be broken. As in many matters of the so-called smaller ailments of life, we must each be our own physician; we must ourselves experimentalise upon ourselves. The doctor can only try various expedients, and as these, now-a-days, seldom lie in recourse to anything like a potent medicine, we may as well take ourselves into our own hands and save him the trouble, especially since it is seldom until we are on the verge of forty years that serious insomnia sets in, and by that time it is well known that a man is either a fool or a physician. Common-sense is the pharmacopœia from which he must draw his prescriptions, and if these are, in a sense, of a negative order, they will be none the less valuable. He can, for instance, avoid tea and coffee after dinner, or overmuch tobacco, if from experience he has discovered that these have the effect of making him wide awake. The same may be said of stimulants and many other social indulgences which act in different directions with different people. It is for the patient to find out for himself how they affect him. As a rule it may be laid down that anything of an exciting description, whether to brain or body, immediately before going to bed is bad for the sleepless. Thus hard mental work, with its inevitable accompaniment, sedentary habits, is sure in the end to bring about an indisposition to sleep; and as Nathaniel Hawthorne has supplied the title for this paper, let the advice which he puts into the mouth of Roger Chillingworth conclude it. That saturnine personage is addressing the unhappy minister at a critical moment in the story, and he says: "We men of study, whose heads are in our books, have need to be straitly looked after! We dream in our waking moments, and walk in our sleep. Come, good Sir and my dear friend, I pray you, let me lead you home. . . . Come with me, Reverend Sir, I beseech you; else you will be poorly able to do Sabbath duty to-morrow. Aha! see now how they trouble the brain—these books!—these books! You should study less, good Sir, and take a little pastime, or these night whimsies will grow upon you." W. W. F.

SKETCHES IN A LONDON WORKHOUSE.

The legal relief of the poor in England, costing annually between seven and eight millions sterling, a tax of about six shillings a head on the whole population, is a burden that cannot be equally distributed, from the diverse conditions of rateable property in country and town, and the fluctuating employment of labour. In the metropolis, which attracts a continual influx of needy persons from many shires of England and from Ireland, seeking the means of subsistence denied by agricultural industry, out-door relief becomes difficult to regulate with justice and prudence, so little being known of the actual circumstances of strangers in London. The real Londoners admitted into the workhouses are more easily identified; and some of them appear to have dropped, by misfortune or by their own fault, into dependent poverty from the ranks of the respectable working or middle classes. Specimens of various orders of society, in a fallen and despoiled plight, still fond of explaining that they "have seen better days," may be found in some workhouse wards, as of old in the Fleet Prison, when Mr. Pickwick and Sam Weller lodged there, or in the Marshalsea, where debtors lingered many years in hopeless confinement. Each of the figures delineated by our Artist is that of a man who could tell the story of his life, if so inclined, with anecdotes serving to illustrate the vicissitudes of fortune, or the dissipation, the consequences of extravagance, idleness, and indiscretion, having had abundant leisure for vain regret, if not for tardy repentance. The unthrifty tradesman, the credulous speculator, the careless sporting gentleman, along with the workman thrown out of his regular occupation by changes of trade, and the convivial spirit who loved his glass and his song better than his work, are reduced to this penitential situation. Here is one who has ridden his own horses and betted freely on the race-course, or has been confident of his skill at the billiard-table or with a hand of whist; another, who has owned thousands of acres in Australia, which he lost by a mortgage to the bank; a shopkeeper, who let his accounts get into a muddle, and was stripped of his stock by a bill of sale; an old soldier of the Crimean War, who missed his pension through a reckless act of desertion after drinking a drop too much. Sad stories are these, but such are the failings of mankind. We doubt not, however, that unavoidable misfortune would account for the helplessness of a very large proportion of the indoor paupers, numbering altogether nearly two hundred thousand, including aged and infirm men, women, and children, in all the workhouses of England and Wales.

Mr. Ouspensky, a Russian engineer sent to Central Asia on a special scientific mission, reports that the oil-wells at Penjakend, near Samarcand, in the Zerafshan Valley, contain at least 9,000,000,000 lb. of perfectly pure oil.

Recitations were given by Mr. J. Cave Winscombe on Feb. 25 at the Steinway Hall; and a dramatic entertainment in aid of the Italian Hospital was given on Feb. 27 at Queen's Gate Hall. Mr. E. Watts-Russell announces a series of recitals to be given on Saturday afternoons at the Westminster Townhall, the first taking place on March 2.

Lord Brassey read a paper on Feb. 22, at the Royal United Service Institution, on "Our Naval Position and Policy." He said that the belted cruisers had more than fulfilled, in the important element of speed, the conditions of their original design. There had been distinct progress in the architecture of the British Navy. He went on to point out what we yet required, and the paper was followed by a discussion.

Mr. T. B. Browne's useful "Advertiser's A B C" volume has just been issued, and the improvements, additions, new features, and revisions introduced are numerous. There are several literary articles bearing particularly upon journalistic and advertising matters; a greatly augmented list of colonial and foreign papers, with a special representation of Indian papers; a series of complete indices, and a new classified index of great utility.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS AND THEIR ILLUSTRATIONS.

The great dissimilarity of taste which prevails at different times among different people makes it a difficult task to say whether this or that standard should be preferred, or to lay down with any confidence that one thing is better in principle than another. Taste is an arbitrary power, compelling us often to repudiate to-morrow what we glory in to-day. This is especially true of pictorial art, and, in particular, of that branch of it which deals with the illustrations to children's books. The number of babies born into the world increases every year; but babies are not children, and that which constitutes the real making of children is the moulding of this mass of infant life into separate character-bearing individuals. A child is, or can be, the most interesting of all creations; a baby—except to the mother—cannot. But human aid is required to invest the child with the full interest it is capable of bearing, and its future depends on the manner in which this aid is given. Most children are and must be what they are made. They run on the lines their parents have laid down for them. Some—nay, many—branch out and seek new and original fields; but the majority glide on into the fixed termini which their parents have assured them are the best and most convenient. The choice of the first books, to which a child becomes accustomed, rests with its parents, and the importance of this choice can hardly be exaggerated.

A great many books are published every year ostensibly for the especial delight of children. Clear type, good paper, artistic drawing, and harmonious colouring are the rule and not the exception. But it is questionable if they perform that educational duty which, under the guise of pleasure, every child's book worthy of the name should perform. The word "educational" need not, and must not, be associated with lessons or conscious learning. The teaching which has the most lasting influence on the character is that which is absorbed unconsciously. It is right and proper that children, if they are to grow up into loving and lovable men and women, should be taught the classics of Fairyland and Elfdom before learning the population and mercantile products of Kamschatka, or the historical pleasantries of Mrs. Markham. Here it is that the modern illustrations to children's books fail in their effectiveness: they teach no lesson, and, ornamental though they be, adorn no tale. It is not good or profitable for a child to see only the representations of sunflowers or daffodils. Let him see the originals, if he will, in the cottage gardens, or on the banks by the brookside. It is not right that the pages of his picture-books should be peopled with quaintly-clothed little children, who airily skip and dance through landscapes bathed in perennial sunshine, and studded with the trimmest of Queen Anne homesteads. The impression on the child's mind is one of falsity. The children he sees in his books are too like real children for him to suppose they are anything else—fairies, for example, or goblins; but they are not like the children he sees every day. The complete falsehood of those pictures representing the fairy world has the effect of a potent truth; the comparative truth of pictures representing children, unlike real children, falsifies the understanding of the child, without appealing to or stimulating his imagination. There is nothing of the supernatural about the dainty landscapes, and yet children have never seen anything quite resembling them. Their minds are being unconsciously misled; but the deceit is so slight and so unintentional that it is never observed. There is nothing, moreover, in this class of picture to make a child long to know more, to ask those strange and puzzling questions, the answers to which are immediately associated with the picture, and thenceforth to print both answer and picture indelibly upon his memory.

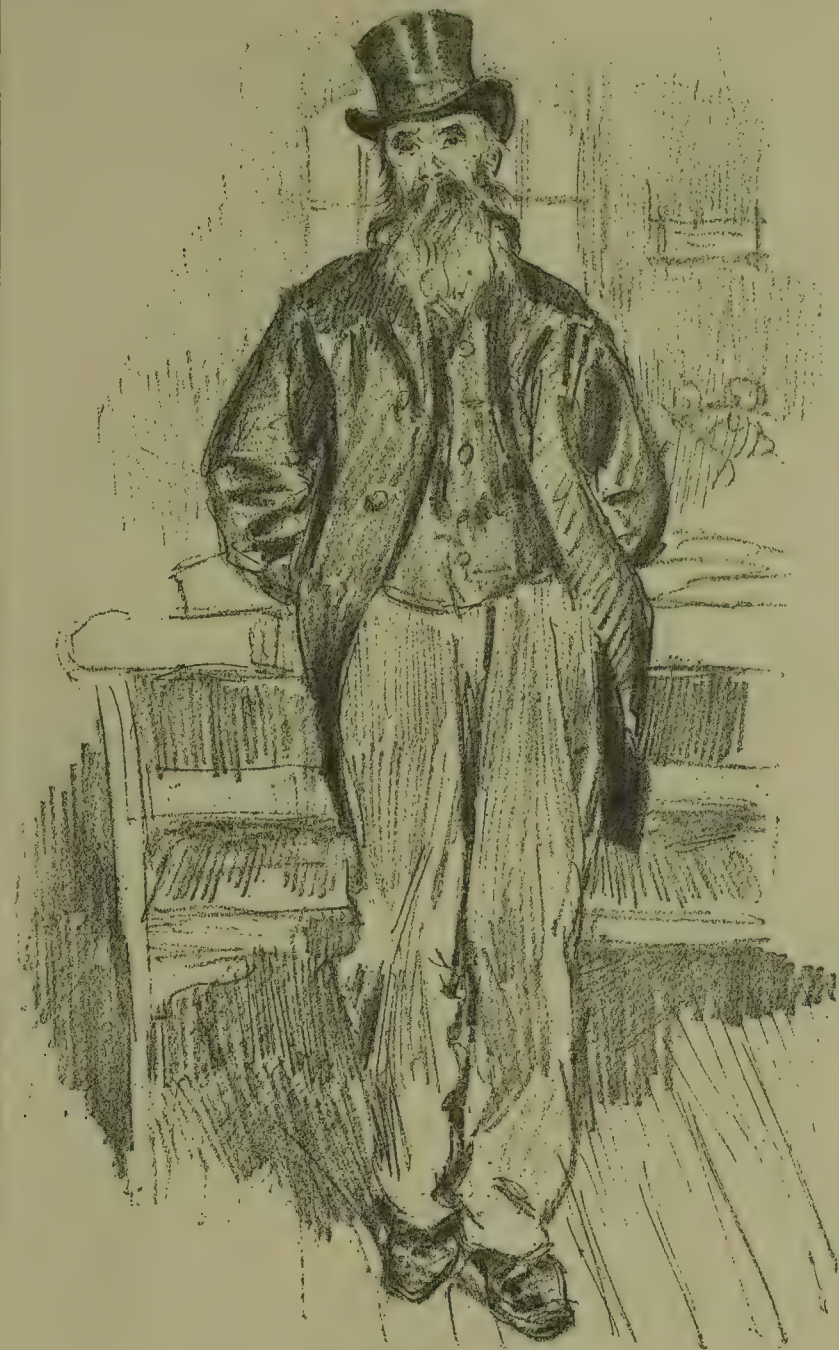
It is for these reasons that Miss Greenaway, beautiful, refined, and delicate as her drawings invariably are, fails as an illustrator of children's books. All the exquisite skill and refined draughtsmanship of the artists lavished upon these so-called books for children are thrown away if the pictures they contain add nothing to the education of the children.

Mr. Ruskin, in one of his Oxford lectures, writes very highly of Miss Greenaway as an illustrator of children's books, especially praising, what no one for a moment denies, her "minuteness and delicacy of touch, carried to its utmost limit, visible in its perfectness to the eyes of youth, but neither executed with a magnifying-glass, nor, except to aged eyes, needing one." The merits of such artistic handiwork, without doubt, are patent to the eyes of all those people, no longer children, who appreciate all art if really good in itself; but surely no one is entitled to be extolled as an illustrator of children's books because his designs can be seen without a magnifying-glass? Children marvel not so much at a draughtsman's power of doing, as at his power of telling. They want to be lifted out of their world to fairyland, by a hand so gentle and tender, and yet so strong and powerful, that they never have occasion to dread the journey.

Most of the illustrations to children's books which have any artistic value appeal more strongly to men and women than to children. This is not wonderful when we consider that our tastes and mental education are built up, for the most part, by infinitesimal accretions, spread over a long period of time, like a coral reef. The changes in our natures are more startling than we can readily acknowledge. Nothing should be easier—and yet nothing seems harder—than to put back the hand upon the dial-plate of Time, and, in heart and thought at least, become as little children. Memory does not forsake us; but it juggles with our senses. We think that we are children again when we look in these picture-books; but we forget we are, at best, only "grown-ups" pretending to be children. We make the same errors of judgment that the children make when they are pretending to be "grown-ups." For this reason, many bright, intelligent, and imaginative children take no interest in the illustrations which are admitted on all sides to be exactly suitable for them. It is, however, an unfortunate fact that at present children are not the reviewers of the books which are written and illustrated for them; and that which is admired by the wise and prudent is often unappreciated by babes. This, however, only arises from the almost physical impossibility for grown-up men and women to entirely recollect the workings of their own minds when they were children. The child who cannot, therefore, share his father's admiration for Caldecott's illustrations, or the more æsthetic elaborations of Mr. Walter Crane, is not devoid of the artistic faculty.

The child may be the father of the man, but he does not become so all at once; he is the more likely to make a thorough father if he has been made a thorough child. He does not want to be shown pictures of children in brilliant clothing, who are like, and yet unlike, the children he knows, merely because they invite people of a mature age to speculate upon what Mr. Ruskin calls "infant gaucheries and ravishments." He wants pictures which tell him something; pictures which fill his mind with awe and wonder, with mystery and delight. He who can do this, and add to power and refinement the idealistic charm of real romance—he alone is the man who should be responsible for the illustrations to our children's books. He should be the Illustrator Laureate of the nation.

T. T. G.



One who has seen "better days."



A Reduced Tradesman.



An old Soldier of Balaklava.



An old Australian Squatter.

ART EXHIBITIONS.

As an introduction to the forthcoming exhibition of French and Dutch works at Messrs. Dowdeswell's Galleries, these two smaller collections will be gladly welcomed by such as desire to know something of these schools beforehand.

Few French artists have a more distinct individuality than Jean Baptiste Corot, of whose work Messrs. Bousso, Valadon, have brought together a small number of representative works (Goupil Galleries, 116, New Bond-street). It is perhaps one of the most interesting points in Corot's art, that whilst a thorough Parisian in habits and taste, he has, nevertheless, attained his reputation almost wholly by his delicate sense of sylvan scenery and atmosphere. The woods round Paris and Versailles—Ville d'Aray, Melun, and Fontainebleau—were for the greater portion of his life the limits of his wanderings. In early life he thrice visited Italy; but he never stayed long enough to realise or appreciate the rich colouring of its skies and distances. How little he even cared for such effects may be seen in his rendering of the "Lago di Garda" (2), which appears in this collection wrapt in the silvery haze of a northern sky; and are only slightly hinted at in a much more vigorous work, "Un Souvenir d'Italie" (20), which, in spite of its softness, loses by the blackness of the shadows. Corot's marvellous powers are, however, seen to their best advantage in the exquisite translation of the Seine and its surroundings in the full blaze of a summer day or the warm mist of an autumn evening. In such works as "Le Lac" (4), with the rising *coteaux* in the distance on which the sun is falling; in the rich evening tones of "L'Abreuvoir" (8), to which the cattle have been driven on their homeward way; and in the subtle rendering of light among the foliage and on the stagnant water of "L'Arbre brisé" (9), we recognise the debt which modern landscape painting owes to the genius of Corot. His curious reversions—occasional, but often strongly marked—towards the classical influence of Ingres, or the association with his friend Aligned, come out in such works as "La Toilette" (15), where a group of damsels under the trees is ranged round a nearly nude figure which seems wholly out of place in the pastoral scene. It was not that Corot failed in figure-drawing, for many of the works here exhibited show very remarkable skill in that line; but one feels that in this and other works it was the trees and sky which were the chief objects of his care. M. Mesdag, a well-known painter of sea-pieces, contributes a very remarkable sea-piece by Corot, "The Cliffs" (11), which cannot be regarded as successful—although one can well understand in what it appeals to M. Mesdag's taste. The hard, perpendicular rocks are not in keeping with Corot's feeling for nature, nor the ever-moving sea with the *eau dormante* with which he throws lustre into such compositions as "La Mare aux Grenouilles" (13), or the still more delicate masterpiece, "Le Dûcheron" (14), which sings the song of well-earned rest after toil.

At the Fine Art Society's Gallery (148, New Bond-street) another phase of Continental art is to be found in a collection of water-colour drawings by the leading artists of the Dutch school. Although this branch of the art of painting was occasionally pursued in Holland in bygone times—De Witt, for instance, practising it two hundred years ago—there can scarcely be said to have been a school of Dutch water-colour painting until within the last thirty years. Two of its earliest leaders, Israëls and Bosboom, are still amongst its lights; and although public favour has recently given places in the front rank to the two Maris, Mauve, Artz, and Mesdag, it by no means follows that they have displaced the earlier exponents of

the art. Amongst some of the more prominent works in the present collection may be mentioned the wintry scenes by L. Apol, "The Mill" (43) and "The Ferry-Boat" (34); and the "Palace in the Wood" (21), by J. Van De Sande Bakhuyzen, as seen through the bare trees; a very clever view of "Haarlem" (8), by J. H. Weissenbruch; "Horses Drinking" (15), by P. Josselin De Jong; F. P. Ter Meulen's "Milking-Time" (22), a bit of strong but harmonious colouring; and Rochussen's remarkably clever grouping of soldiers, as shown in the "Souvenir of the French Occupation of Holland" (26) and "General Brune" (78). Of some of the younger men's work which always shows care and often independent observation, we may mention W. Witsen's "In the Fields" (12), in black and white; E. Van Der Meer's "Dutch Village" (30), and W. De Zwart's "Cart and Horses" (50). It is unnecessary to speak at length of the works of the better-known artists already named, but of all these—as well as of Roelofs, Blommers, Tholen—there are many excellent specimens.

At Messrs. Dowdeswell's (160, New Bond-street) the exhibitions succeed each other at steepchasing pace. Scarcely have we had time to digest the Highland scenery of Mr. Sutton Palmer and the Sussex scenery of Mr. Wimperis than we are carried off by Mr. B. J. M. Donne to the Austrian and Italian Tyrol, and introduced to London grave by Mr. Hern and to London gay by Mr. Ludovici. Mr. Donne's reputation as a guide amongst the Alps of Switzerland and the Savoy has been long established; and we therefore willingly resign ourselves to his leadership, and gladly wander with him among the Dolomites and the Noric and Rhetian Alps. He has found many spots of beauty in his travels; and he has long since acquired the knack of giving the best points of his favourite halting-places. His new style, however, does not please us quite so much as his old. He translates literally, where formerly he used to render poetically. Here and there, as in the views of the "Pitz Corvasch" (62), from Silvaplana—which, by-the-way, belongs to the Engadine—and of "Monte Rosa" (79), by moonlight, we have touches of his former style; but the "Pitz Ballo" (95), near the now fashionable San Martino, and the "Monte Cristallo" (112), towering above Landro, the "Curia di Pala" (115), and others, although they recall vividly the places they depict, do not surround them with the halo of mystery and beauty in which we like to enshroud our mountain memories. The collection, however, cannot fail to have many attractions for the ever-increasing crowd of tourists who each year seem to penetrate further into the recesses of the eastern Alps. Mr. Hern has certainly struck quite new ground in his series of drawings of the London churches, which he reproduces with conscientious fidelity. It is difficult to discover whether Mr. Hern has especial sympathy with one period of church architecture over another; but it is clear that he is a by no means blind worshipper of Sir Christopher Wren. St. Bride's, Fleet-street (23), and, at most, a couple of others, are the only representatives of Wren's art—if we except the scarcely satisfactory view of St. Paul's Cathedral (26) from the Surrey side of the river. We are quite willing to recognise the good points of several of our modern churches—as, for instance, St. Mary Abbot's, Kensington (38), All Saints', Margaret-street (24), and the still incomplete Oratory at Brompton (27); but even the most dexterous use of atmospheric effect will fail to render St. Pancras' (29), All Souls', Regent-street (10), or St. James's, Westminster (50), objects of interest or admiration. Mr. Hern shows the catholicity of his art in giving a place in his series to St. Sophia's, Bayswater (22), the Synagogue in St. Petersburg-place (45), and the Wesleyan Methodist Church (51), recently erected in Hinde-

street, Manchester-square. This collection of sketches, we understand, forms part of an extended series, of which the reproduction in some particular form would, we think, be highly appreciated by churchgoers, antiquaries, and others. Mr. A. Ludovici has also his "first series of London life," sketched in the airy, graceful, incomplete way which finds favour with the adherents of Mr. Whistler's school. It cannot be denied that life in London as judged from Mr. Ludovici's point of view is full of brightness, colour, and enjoyment. He takes us through the streets, to the restaurants and the parks, behind the scenes at Drury-Lane, to Covent-garden in the early morning, to Lord's cricket-ground, to Henley Regatta, and, finally, home again, where it would be impossible to exclaim with Lamennais, "L'ennui naquit un soir au sein de la famille." In every place Mr. Ludovici finds plenty of gay costumes to throw round the somewhat shadowy forms of the actresses in his comedy of daily life—and in many cases he catches with happy sympathy a pretty pose and a coquettish attitude. It would be easy to make a room look bright and gay with half-a-dozen of these sketches; and, looking at them, to forget for a while the seamy side of life in the streets, behind the scenes, and even in the parks and ball-rooms.

The annual exhibition of water-colour drawings which Messrs. Agnew (Old Bond-street Galleries) provide for their patrons is always interesting, and usually contains works of the highest order of merit. This year is no exception to the rule—Prout, De Wint, Copley Fielding, and others are to be seen to advantage—whilst the whole history of English water-colour art from Paul Sandby to W. Ball is well illustrated. Of the three specimens of Turner's work the view of the "Val d'Aosta" (251) is the most noteworthy, and it finds worthy neighbours in James Holland's views of "Geneva" (240) and "Venice" (256), and Varley's "Landscape and River Scene" (262). In a collection chosen with so much care and knowledge it is useless to do more than indicate some of the more important drawings of the various artists, whose earlier works as here seen contrast favourably with their more recent achievements. Amongst such may be placed two delightful cattle-pieces by Mr. T. Sidney Cooper—"Early Morning" (5) and "Cattle Reposing" (11), both painted in 1846, very different in tone and execution to his later works. Sir John Gilbert's "Scene from the 'Merry Wives of Windsor'" (9), painted in 1859, speaks to a time when the President of the Old Society made his fame with a less restricted palette than that which now serves his purpose. Passing by these we come upon Copley Fielding's "Bridlington" (24) under a dark and stormy sky, and "Plymouth Sound" (39) in bright golden haze; Mr. Alfred Powell's delicate rendering of "Cader Idris" (34); P. De Wint's "Valley of the Wharfe" (42)—a curious and unusual specimen of his treatment of rocks—and his splendid view of "Derwent-water" (52); G. Barret's "Afternoon" (45), painted in accordance with the rules of classical art; Mr. Prout's "Mayence" (45), a number of clever sketches by W. Ball, a rising artist of the present day; some pastoral scenes of more than average merit by Mr. L. Chialiva; and one good specimen of Sam Bough's vigorous work (234). But these are only a few among the numerous attractions of this exhibition.

The Bishop of Ripon has contributed £500 to the Ripon diocesan societies, which are being reorganised in consequence of the formation of the bishopric of Wakefield.

The Swansea Town Council have decided to expend £20,000 in the improvement of the town market, which is one of the oldest market-places in Wales.

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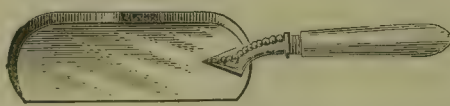
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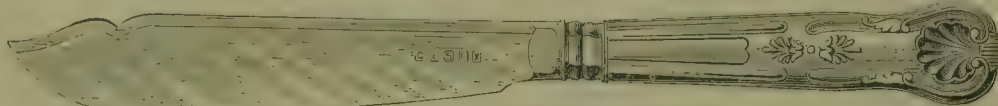


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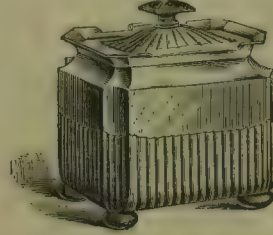
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GOLDSMITHS' AND SILVERSMITHS' COMPANY, 112, REGENT-STREET, W.

ESTABLISHED IN THE REIGN OF GEORGE III.

STREETER & COMPY.,

IMPORTERS OF PRECIOUS STONES, PEARLS, AND GEMS

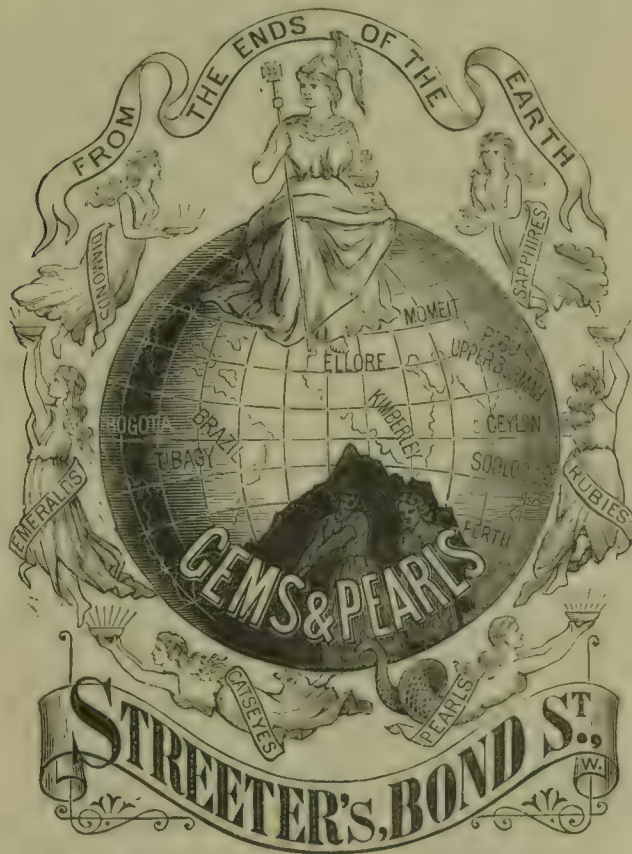
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GOLDSMITHS,

STREETERS' DIAMOND ORNAMENTS,

From 5 Guineas to 10,000 Guineas,

Cannot be surpassed for elegance of design and perfect setting. They are London made, and the Brilliants are white and properly cut.



STREETERS' RUBIES AND SAPPHIRES,

From 5 Guineas to 10,000 Guineas.

Direct from the Burmah and other Mines, thus enabling the Public to buy these Stones at First Hand after being London cut.

PEARLS from their own Pearling Fleet.

18, NEW BOND - STREET, LONDON, W.

NO

Injurious Substances are used in the Manufacture of

Brooke's Soap,

"MONKEY BRAND."

This Product has been tested by the leading Analysts of Great Britain, and pronounced

"THE ONLY NATURAL CLEANSER."

The "LANCET" says:—"This Soap is specially recommended for cleaning and polishing. It answers admirably. It is very effectual in removing dirt and stains, at the same time giving a good polish."

The "BRITISH MEDICAL JOURNAL" says:—"It is well adapted for removing stains, rust and dirt."

Many others might be quoted did space permit, but the two highest medical authorities will, it is hoped, be deemed sufficient.

SOME OF ITS USES.

FOR CLEANING, SCOURING, SCRUBBING, POLISHING,
METALS, MARBLE, PAINT, CUTLERY, CROCKERY, MACHINERY,
GLASSWARE, EARTHENWARE, WINDOWS,
OIL-CLOTHS, BATHS, BRASS PLATES, STAIR-RODS.

For Washing Dishes and Cleaning all Kitchen Utensils.
For Steel, Iron, Brass and Copper Vessels, Fire Irons, Marble, Statuary,
Mirrors, Floors, Mantels, and a 1000 things in Household, Shop, Factory,
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REMOVES RUST, DIRT, STAINS, TARNISH, Etc.

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'TIS USED IN EVERY CLIME.



WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Nov. 24, 1888) of Mr. Robert Fowler, late of the Steam-Plough Works, Leeds, Yorkshire, and No. 22, St. James's-street, who died on Nov. 30, was proved on Feb. 13 by Robert Henry Fowler and Alfred Fowler, the nephews and executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £219,000. The testator leaves all his real and personal estate to his nephew Robert Henry Fowler, absolutely; but, nevertheless, he requests him (but without creating any trust) to carry out his wishes contained in a memorandum.

The will (dated Dec. 13, 1862), with three codicils (dated March 10, 1882; Oct. 23, 1885; and July 12, 1887), of Mr. Charles Lyall, formerly of No. 33, Westbourne-terrace, Paddington, and late of No. 55, Sussex-gardens, Hyde Park, who died on Jan. 5 last, was proved on Feb. 18, by Hugh Mackay Matheson and John Matheson Macdonald, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £157,000. The testator gives his property at Stoke Green to his son, Charles James Lyall; and £1000 and his household furniture and effects to his wife, Mrs. Harriet Lyall. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then between his children, in equal shares, as tenants in common.

The will of Miss Catherine Woods, late of No. 27, Hyde Park-gardens, London, who died on Jan. 20, was proved by the sole executor, William Woods, at £152,390 16s. 9d. personalty. After leaving her servant Helen Deans an annuity of £50 a year for her life, free of legacy duty, the testatrix gives, devises, and bequeaths all her real estate and all the rest, residue and remainder of her personal estate and effects whatsoever and wheresoever, and of what nature, kind, or quality soever the same may be, unto her nephew, the said William Woods, his heirs, executors, administrators, and assigns, respectively, according to the nature and quality thereof, respectively, for his and their own absolute use and benefit.

The will (dated July 15, 1887) of Mr. William Carter, late of Ospringe House, Ospringe, Kent, who died on Jan. 2, was proved on Feb. 16 by Mrs. Marion Jane Carter, the widow, Walter Charles Stunt, and Frederick Neame, jun., the executors, the value of the personal estate being sworn to exceed £142,000. With the exception of a gift of £200 each to Walter Charles Stunt and Frederick Neame, jun., the testator gives all his property, both real and personal, to his wife, absolutely.

The will (dated May 9, 1888) of Mrs. Christiana Morgan, late of Tidenham House, Tidenham, Gloucestershire, who died on Jan. 11, was proved on Feb. 7 by Henry Francis Morgan, the son, Thomas Brett Cawburn, and George Carwardine Francis, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £67,000. The testatrix bequeaths £15,000 and £1000 to each of her daughters, Henrietta and Emily Charlotte; £5000 to the trustees of the marriage settlement of her son Henry; £7000, upon trust, for her daughter, Fannie Sophia Cawburn, for life, and, upon further trusts, for her husband and children; and £10,000 to the trustees of her settlement; £1000 each to Cecilia Morgan, Mrs. Mary Morgan, her son Henry, and Thomas Brett Cawburn; and her jewels, wardrobe, and furniture among her children. She appoints one moiety of the "Tidenham House estates" to her son Henry; and the other moiety she leaves, upon trust, for him, for life, and then to his children as she shall appoint. The residue of her property she leaves to her son.

The will (dated March 7, 1888) of Mr. Richard Lucas, late

of Edithweston Hall, Rutland, who died on Dec. 5, was proved on Feb. 8 by the Rev. Richard Lucas Calcraft and the Rev. Andrew Trollope, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £45,000. The testator bequeaths £4000 to Anthony Lucas; £500 to each executor; £250 each to the Vicars and Churchwardens of the churches at Edithweston and Fenton for the repairs and services of the said churches; £200 to his cousin, Captain Costobadie; £200 to his friend Colonel King; and legacies to friends and servants. He charges his estates at Edithweston with the payment of the following annuities—viz., £200 to his brother Henry Lucas, £100 to his wife, Charlotte, £220 to their son Richard, £100 to his nephew Captain Braithwaite, and £26 to his servant Edward Merrill; and his estates in the East Riding of Yorkshire, with an annuity of £100, to Gertrude Braithwaite, and an annuity of £50 to Charlotte Lucas. Subject to the above annuities he devises the said estates to his brother George Vere Braithwaite. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his brother George Vere Braithwaite.

The will (dated May 9, 1884), with two codicils (dated April 3, 1887, and July 17, 1888), of Dame Maria Giffard, late of No. 4, Prince's-gardens, South Kensington, who died on Jan. 11, was proved on Feb. 8 by Charles Pilgrim, the nephew, and Lieutenant-Colonel Thomas Arnold Davis, the executors, the value of the personal estate being sworn to exceed £34,000. Subject to legacies to nephews and nieces, the testatrix leaves all her property, upon trust, to pay the income thereof to her sister, Mrs. Clara Ann Du Vernet, for life, and on her death, as to the capital as well as the income, to her two nieces, Mrs. Clara Miriam Davis and Miss Florence Du Vernet, as tenants in common.

The President and Mrs. Walter Severn held a reception at the Dudley Gallery on Feb. 23. A numerous and distinguished company was present.

The Rev. Francis J. Jayne, D.D., Vicar of Leeds, was on Sunday, Feb. 24, consecrated in York Minster to the See of Chester by the Archbishop of York, assisted by the Bishops of Carlisle, Ripon, Sodor and Man, and St. Davids.

By permission of the authorities of the British Museum, Mr. W. St. Chad Boscawen began on Feb. 28 a special series of lectures upon the "Religions of Babylonia." The lectures will be supplemented by a series of gallery tours, for the explanation of the monuments and inscriptions in the museum.

The Duke of Bedford has subscribed £25 to the funds of the Mansion House Council on the Dwellings of the Poor; and among other recent donors are Mrs. Charles Buxton, who has given £20; Mr. C. Wilkinson, £20; Mr. F. Nettlefold, £10; Mr. G. M. Hicks, £10; and Mr. James Budgett, £10.

Mr. Justice Chitty, on Feb. 23, gave his decision in the matter of pensions granted by the East and West India Dock Company to officers and servants. He said these pensions had been to the advantage of the company, and he authorised their payment until further orders.

The Huddersfield Infirmary had a singular windfall on Feb. 23. A parcel, wrapped in a piece of dress material, was discovered by the porter, and, on being opened, it was found to contain 225 sovereigns. This is the second time that a gift has been presented to this institution in this strange manner, a sum of £284 being similarly left at the Infirmary a few years ago.

IN THE HEART OF THE ATLAS.

Mr. Harold Crichton-Browne recently lectured at the Royal Institution, his subject being "In the Heart of the Atlas." Colonel Grant occupied the chair.

The lecturer, with the help of a large map, showed how the Atlas range ran through Morocco, Algiers, and Tunis, there being five sub-ranges spreading into Morocco. It was the southern or main range of these that he explored last year, in company with Mr. Thomson. He mentioned the expeditions of Washington, 1830; Beaumier, 1868; Hooker and Ball, 1871; Crema, 1882; Du Foucauld, 1883; and Boulnois, 1887. But none of these, he said, had explored the main range itself, and he and Mr. Thomson were the first Europeans who had travelled so much of it. The valleys, with their olive and walnut groves, were, in places, of extreme beauty. The hills, covered with perpetual snow, gave a distinctive feature to the scenery, which in certain parts was grand, wild, and drear, with occasional moors recalling those of Scotland. Above all, the climate was delightful and invigorating. Being within such easy reach of Gibraltar, the Atlas Hills might become a favoured resort of Europeans were they accessible. But here was the great difficulty. Though they bore a letter from Lord Salisbury to the Sultan, which procured them a circular addressed to all the Sheiks commanding them to show every regard to the English travellers, it contained a clause that they were to be guarded from dangers, especially those of the mountains. The people seem to have so jealous a regard for their mountains that they prevent foreigners from visiting them. The various Sheiks made all sorts of excuses and invented all kinds of delays and obstacles when the real object of their visit was known. Some of the attempted routes had to be abandoned, but they at last succeeded in reaching the summit of Likumpt, 13,150 ft. high. Where they could they took photographs (many of these were shown on the screen); they also photographed some of the chiefs and groups of the people. Of the old feudal castles few were now occupied. Stagnation has fallen on the country. The fertile valleys are not cultivated, or but very inadequately; the navigable streams convey no commerce to the once busy ports, which are now choked up. The people are indolent and dirty, but appear not to have altogether lost their old energy, now used mostly in tribal fighting. Their skill in many arts remains in certain districts. Could the commercial enterprise of some great nation, such as England, open up the country by railways, and once more make its ports busy, there is no doubt the twentieth century might see the land once more in prosperity, and the passes of the Atlas become favoured routes to inner Africa. But England would first have to know more of the Atlas, and other expeditions such as theirs might give the required knowledge.

Lord Onslow, the new Governor of New Zealand, left Victoria Station on Feb. 23, en route to New Zealand, to assume his new post. His Excellency, who was accompanied by Countess Onslow and family, joined the P. and O. steamer Victoria at Brindisi, on board which vessel is his staff.

There was a large gathering of students of the London Society for the extension of University Teaching at the Mansion House on Feb. 23, when Professor Max Müller gave an address on "Lessons from Antiquity," with special reference to the importance of the Latin and Greek languages.

REPORT ON

SUNLIGHT SOAP

FROM

Sir CHARLES A. CAMERON, M.D.,

Ex-President of the Royal College of Surgeons,
Vice-President of the Institute of Chemistry of
Great Britain,
Chief Medical Officer of Health for Dublin,
S.Sc. C. Cambridge University,

Member of the College of Physicians,
Professor of Hygiene and Chemistry, Royal College
of Surgeons, Ireland,
Hon. Mem. Societies of Hygiene of Paris, Bordeaux,
and Belgium.

"I EMPLOY THIS SOAP FOR MY OWN TOILET."

"Laboratory, Royal College of Surgeons, Stephen's-green, W., Dublin, Feb. 15, 1887.

"I have carefully analysed specimens of the 'SUNLIGHT SOAP' submitted to me for that purpose, by Messrs. Lever Bros., Warrington, and the following are the results at which I have arrived.

"The points in the composition of this Soap that are most valuable are its freedom from free alkali, the large percentage of fatty acids which it contains, and the purity of the materials employed in its preparation. I EMPLOY THIS SOAP FOR MY OWN TOILET PURPOSES, AND FROM MY ACTUAL EXPERIENCE OF IT CAN STRONGLY RECOMMEND IT.

"(Signed) CHARLES A. CAMERON."

SUNLIGHT SOAP

Has the Largest Sale of any Soap in England.

Has the Largest Sale of any Soap in Scotland.

Has the Largest Sale of any Soap in the United Kingdom.

Has the Largest Sale of any Soap in the World.

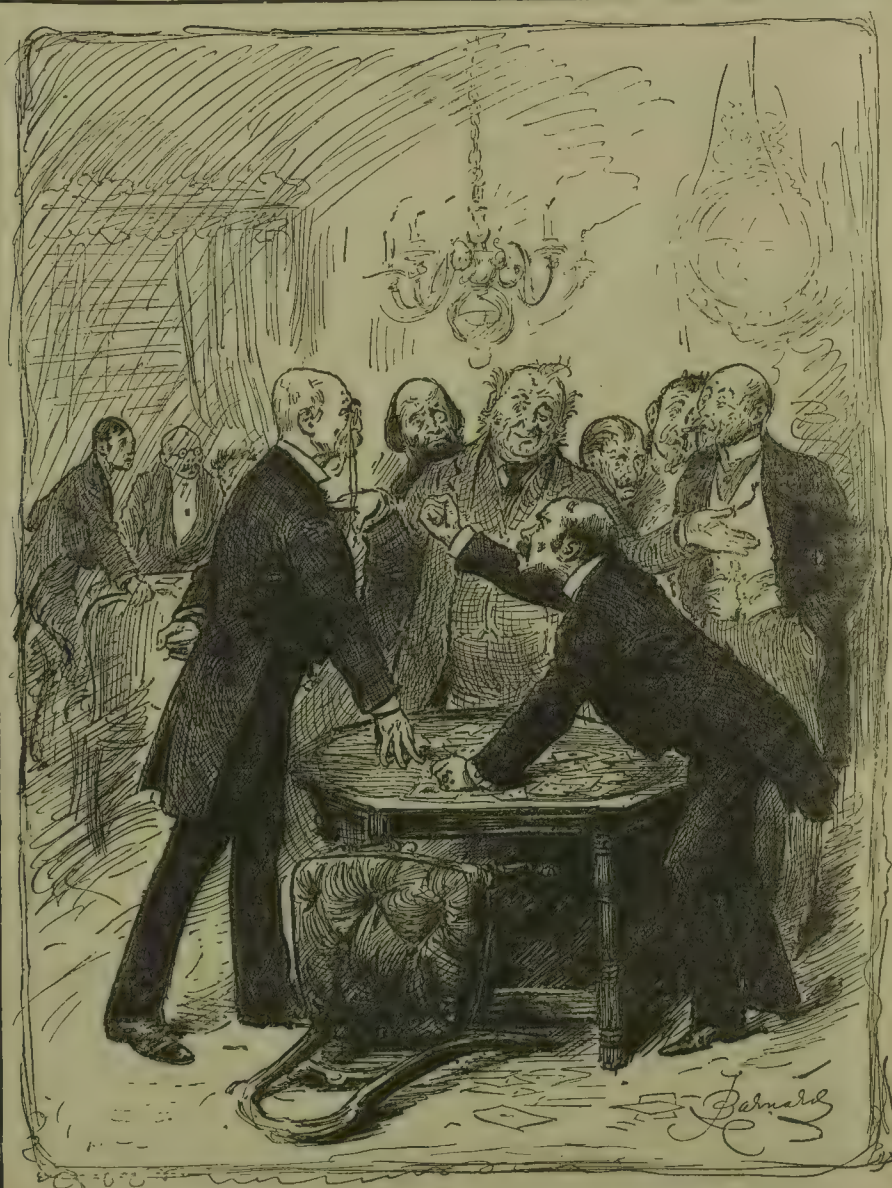
THE ABOVE FACTS AND ANALYSIS

indicate the esteem in which "SUNLIGHT SOAP" is held by the
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GUARANTEE. The wonderful lathering and cleansing properties of SUNLIGHT SOAP are solely due to the purity and excellence of the materials and the care bestowed on its manufacture.

£1000 will be paid to anyone finding SUNLIGHT SOAP adulterated, or to contain any injurious Chemicals.

All Dealers are authorised to return Purchase Money to any one finding cause for complaint.



A SOFT ANSWER TURNETH AWAY WRATH.

Mr. Tittlebat (to the Colonel). YOU SHALL WASH OUT THAT STAIN, SIR, WITH YOUR LIFE'S BLOOD—YOUR LIFE'S BLOOD—I SAY—

Brown (interrupting). WHY USE LIFE'S BLOOD WHEN A THREEPENNY TABLET OF
SUNLIGHT SOAP will wash out any stain?

ENT. STA. HALL.

“BY a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately-flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctors’ bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that

EPPS’S (GRATEFUL, COMFORTING) COCOA

a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame.”—Civil Service Gazette.

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ARE THE BEST FOR HARD WEAR.

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Manufactory: ROYAL PLATE AND CUTLERY WORKS, SHEFFIELD.

FAULKNER’S CELEBRATED DIAMONDS. SPANISH CRYSTALS. DETECTION IMPOSSIBLE. KNOWN all over the WORLD as the FINEST STONES ever Produced.



21s.



25s.



Gipsy, 16s. 6d.



27s. Set with Ruby and Diamonds, or Emeralds and Diamonds, or Sapphires and Diamond.



Brooch, 10s. 6d.



Brooch, 30s. Smaller, 25s., 21s., 15s.



Pretty Brooch, with Crystals or Pearl Centres, 15s.



SCARF PIN, 12s. Smaller, 10s., 16s. Ditto, with Wire, at same Price. 8s. and 10s.



SCARF PIN, 12s. Smaller, 10s., 16s. Ditto, with Wire, at same Price. 8s. and 10s.



SCARF PIN, 12s. Smaller, 10s., 16s. Ditto, with Wire, at same Price. 8s. and 10s.



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SCARF PIN, 12s. Smaller, 10s., 16s. Ditto, with Wire, at same Price. 8s. and 10s.

These Magnificent Stones are set in GOLD, HALL-MARKED, and made by most experienced workmen; detection impossible; and I Defy the BEST JUDGES to tell them from DIAMONDS. The brilliancy and lustre are most marvellous, and equal to BRILLIANTS.

WORTH TWENTY GUINEAS, the Stones being real Crystals, and splendidly faceted. They will resist acids, alkalis, and intense heat. All stones set by diamond-setters, and beautifully finished.

Single-stone Earrings, from 10s. per pair; Scarf Pins, Shirt Studs, Pendants, Necklets, &c., 30s. to £20. Much worn for Court and other occasions. Testimonials from all parts of the World. These stones are daily gaining great reputation throughout the World, and have been awarded Three Prize Medals from the Great Exhibitions.


The Public are earnestly invited to INSPECT our marvellous selection now on view, which astonishes all Visitors. Catalogues post-free.

NOTICE.—These stones cannot possibly be had elsewhere at any price, and are only to be obtained of the SOLE IMPORTER and MANUFACTURER,


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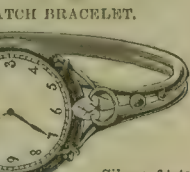
NOVELTIES IN JEWELLERY.



THE NEW WATCH BRACELET. Gold, £12 13s. Silver, £6 10s. Customers' own Watches fitted. Gold, £6. Silver, £2 5s. "Merry Thought" Brooch.



THE NEW WATCH BRACELET. Gold, £9 9s. Silver, £4 4s. Customers' own Watches fitted. Gold, £3 15s. Silver, £1 15s. The "Marie Stuart" Brooch.



THE NEW UNIONIST JEWELLERY. Good Luck. Gold Bird £2 10s. Velvet Pearl £3 15s. Egg Case, Diamond, £6 6s. 5s. Bracelet, £3 10s. Brooch, £2 2s. Gold Heraldic Rose and Shamrock. Pearl centre to Shamrock. Suitable for a badge. THE PENCIL BRACELET. Gold, small size, 20s.; large size, 32s. Extra thick band, 40s.; Silver, 8s. 6d. (Contains a real pencil).

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GOLD MINES.

The number of ounces of pure metal which can be obtained from a ton of ore is the only true criterion of the value of a gold-mine. Some mines yield two or three ounces to the ton, others from eight to ten ounces. It is not the rubbish that is coveted, but the gold—the pure gold—the refuse is worthless. So with Tea. Tons and tons of rubbish are yearly imported; but no real Tea extract can be got from it. Again, much fine Tea is imported, composed of young and vigorous leaves, abounding in Tea essence. It is in these last that

COOPER COOPER & CO.

have an interest, in which they invite the British public to share. They have made it their business to secure this class of Tea for their customers, and they can confidently say that One Pound will yield more genuine Tea extract than twice the quantity of inferior Tea; not only twice the quantity, but twice the quality.

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CORSET,

PRICE 5s. 11d.

WEARS BETTER THAN ANY OTHER.

PURE, TASTELESS, AND DIGESTIBLE.

ICEBERG BRAND.



A Cure for all Bronchial Complaints. Sold Everywhere in Capsuled Bottles.

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CRESOLENE PAGE'S PATENT VAPOURISER AND CRESOLENE.



Children, by simply breathing the vapour of Cressolene, obtain in a few seconds extraordinary relief in Whooping-Cough, and the disorder is rapidly put an end to, generally in a few days. It is a perfectly safe remedy and will not harm the youngest child. CRESOLENE is most valuable in Asthma, Catarrh, Scarlet Fever, Diphtheria, Hay Fever, &c.

CRESOLENE is claimed to be the most powerful antiseptic and disinfectant at present known.

Vapouriser, with Lamp complete, and 2 oz. Bottle of Cressolene, 7s. 6d., post-free in the United Kingdom; or can be obtained through any Chemist. The Cressolene can be had separately, in Bottles, at 1s. 4d. and 2s. 6d. Sole Agents for Europe: ALLEN & HANBURY, Plough-st., LONDON. Ask your Chemist for a Descriptive Circular.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

Even Drawingroom gowns show some changes in fashion of make from time to time. The first Drawingroom of this season has been marked by a rather pronounced variation in the styles from those to which we are accustomed. Partly, in all probability, this is due to the great change which is slowly but surely coming over frocks in general; but partly, it is doubtless caused by her Majesty having sanctioned a certain amount of novelty in her regulations. Several of the dresses have displayed a touch of the "Directoire" or "Empire" styles, very ingeniously put on without destroying the characteristics of the orthodox pointed bodice, petticoat, and train. A sash draping of soft silk, coming high up toward the bust, while at its lower edge following the pointed outline of the bottom edge of the bodice, gives the appearance of an Empire sash. A train from the shoulder, and kept quite narrow, allows the characteristic straightness and slenderness of the Empire petticoat to be observed, while the square set designs of the passementeries and the arrangements of bands of such trimmings, as well as of lace flounces put on flat, round the bottom of the petticoats, all serve to help in producing Empire effects. Broad revers reaching to the arm appeared on one low bodice, in place of the customary berthe trimming; but the stiff effect was so peculiar as hardly to be redeemed by the graceful softness of the loose fall of beautifully embroidered crêpe which served as a vest. In one way or another, many of the most "distinguished" toilets appeared to have something fresh and original in their style.

Certainly life in America offers far more chances to those who have not the luck to be born in the purple of wealth or of rank than is the case here. There are some "men who have risen" in English society also, of course. One is constantly reminded that the Archbishop of York is the son of a chemist, and like instances are notorious just because they are few. (The young lady who is now Duchess of Newcastle, by-the-way, will perhaps be counted in the number in future. Her mother is a Peer's daughter, it is true; but her father's "folk" are in trade.) In America, on the other hand, it is quite a commonplace that the rich and prominent citizens should have risen from comparatively humble stations. The new President-elect, General Harrison, and his wife, are a case in point. They are no longer young people, their eldest son being thirty-five years of age, and their early struggles are some distance away. But when Mrs. Harrison—a Presbyterian minister's daughter—married the young law student, whom the Civil War some years after transformed into a "General," the couple were so poor that they lived in three rooms, where Mrs. Harrison did all the house-work herself. Mrs. Harrison has a fine, strong-looking face, and will adorn the position of "the first lady in America" in some ways; but she has never been a fashionable woman, and is not likely to adopt the rôle of arbiter of chiffons. It is quite amusing to hear of the frantic efforts that are being put forth to gain her adherence to one side or the other in the great controversy—settled on this shore, but still raging on that one—of bustle or no bustle. Mrs. Cleveland, who is young and stylish, had declared for the abolition of the "improver," but ladies who

like that excrescence have got up a large memorial, begging Mrs. Harrison to retain the appendage! The fashions of the Old World rule the New however, and, beyond doubt, the days of the "improver" are over.

Great efforts are being made by silk merchants to substitute for the foulards and sarahs of past seasons the light and yet strong Yokohama or Japan silks. In three weeks of this year, no fewer than six thousand bales of the material left the port of Yokohama for Europe.—The many admirers of the beautiful drawings of dresses which M. Pilotell makes for the *Lady's Pictorial* will be amused to hear that he has lately been figuring in a very different sphere. He drew a humorous sketch, it appears, for a French paper during the recent election; and feeling himself insulted by some comments thereupon made by M. Rochefort, the artist challenged the offending editor to combat. Two English journalists bore the cartel; but M. Rochefort refused to fight.—Mrs. Lynn Linton, at once the Cassandra and the Mrs. Partington of her sex's progress, is "at it again." In the *Fortnightly Review* she writes on "Characteristics of Englishwomen"—a tirade, bolstered up by a selection of unamiable instances from history, against the mothers and daughters of Englishmen. Women are certainly very faulty; as the immortal Mrs. Poyser says—"God Almighty made 'em to match the men"; but we do not admire a woman so destitute of loyalty to her sex that she can never find a word to say of the wisdom, the devotion, the patriotism, the love of truth, the courage unto death, and other fine qualities of which the history of English womanhood offers abundant examples. It is surely sad that any countrywoman of Elfrida and Elizabeth Tudor, of Anne Askew and Josephine Butler, of Lady Bacon and Mrs. Somerville, of Jane Austen and "George Eliot," of Elizabeth Fry and Florence Nightingale can never speak well of the maidens and matrons of our island story.—Sir Charles Warren made many odd changes in police regulations; one of the least defensible was to appoint that men shall do the house-cleaning in the new police offices, thus depriving many poor charwomen of their employment. He it was, also, who in part deprived the London public of a fine free show on Drawingroom days, by compelling the carriages to draw up in the middle of the Mall, instead of against the footwalk; the result of which is that the old half-furtive, half-admiring glances into the carriages are debarred to the modest pedestrian. Only the rough or the daring, who do not mind walking in the middle of the road amidst the mud and the carriage-wheels, can now enjoy that really fine sight—the fair faces, and the rich gems, and the glorious nosegays, and the billows of tulle, and the parterres of the richest hues, and the glistening sheen of the most gorgeous fabrics—all that is to be discerned in a carriage "going to the Drawingroom."

The Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava has given her patronage to the new Women's Hospital, now in Marylebone-road, in consideration of the service rendered by that institution in the education of medical women for India. Practical experience is absolutely necessary for these ladies, who go beyond the reach of consultants. The most profound book-knowledge is at fault at the bedside without that perceptiveness and that readiness which can only be gained by practice. This hospital is the

only one at which women-students can obtain that essential part of their training. It seems anomalous that the other women's hospitals should keep their female patients entirely for the education of men-practitioners; but while it is so, the one hospital where medical women can get full practice in treating the many, and often obscure, complaints of their sex deserves the more support. The building fund for the new institution still requires about £8000—twelve thousand having been subscribed. Lady Dufferin, I notice, in the report which she has issued to the subscribers to her fund for providing Indian women with female medical attendance, gives the warning which I have ventured to offer to medical women, not to ask for too much profit from their work.

FLORENCE FENWICK-MILLER.

The following gentlemen who competed at the examination recently held at Burlington House for appointment as surgeon in the Royal Navy, have been granted commissions:—O. W. Andrews, M.B.; C. J. S. Kelsall; E. T. Cook; E. E. Powell; L. Bidwell; E. H. M'Sherry; W. J. Bearblock; W. Hackett, M.D.; C. G. Matthew, M.B.; J. Grant, M.B.; G. A. Holroyd; T. Austen; J. Chambers, B.A., M.B.

The Royal Humane Society announces the award of three silver medals for bravery in saving life from drowning. One has been given to Sergeant Thomas Sutcliffe, of the Royal Irish Constabulary, for his efforts in saving thirteen persons from the barque Etta, which, during a gale on the early and dark morning of Dec. 21, parted from her anchors, and drifted on the rocks at Creadan Bay, Waterford. The other medals have been awarded to Hubert Piers, fourth officer of the steamer Garth Castle, for the very gallant rescue of a lunatic passenger who jumped into the Atlantic on the homeward voyage, and to Alexander Henderson, who rescued a young lady at Campbell Ford, Ontario, she having fallen into a mill race. Eight bronze medals were also awarded.

The annual general meeting of the Newspaper Press Fund was held on Feb. 23, at the Rooms of the Society of Arts, John-street, Adelphi. Dr. J. W. Cooper presided, and many members were present. The chairman, in moving the adoption of the report, said during the past year 101 members had been elected, 14 had died, and eight had been removed from the roll, which at the end of the year comprised 346 members residing in London, 153 in the country, and five abroad. During the year 51 grants had been made to 36 members and relatives of deceased members, amounting to £1220, and 31 grants to 30 non-members, amounting to £165. The invested funds had been increased by the purchase of £500 Liverpool Corporation Three-and-a-Half per Cent Stock. They now amounted to about £18,000 Stock. The following gentlemen were elected members of the committee:—Dr. Cooper, Messrs. R. Gowing, C. H. Scott, Goodenough Taylor, R. L. James, and W. E. Pitt. Mr. Hyde Clarke was re-elected treasurer; and Messrs. Brockwell Dalton, Joseph Newstead, and J. F. Andrews were re-elected auditors. A discussion took place on several proposed amendments of the rules, and ultimately the proposals of the committee were carried; upon which a poll was demanded, and the meeting was adjourned for a month.

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FOREIGN NEWS.

The Ministerial crisis in France has come to an end, a new Cabinet having at length been formed, with M. Tirard as Premier, M. De Freycinet taking his old post as Minister of War. On Feb. 22 the new Ministry held a Council at the Elysée, and drew up their Ministerial declaration; and on the 23rd the Ministerial declaration was read in the Chambers. It states that the two great tasks before the Cabinet are to vote the Budget of 1890, and to assure the success of the Universal Exhibition. The Chamber has passed a law to ensure secrecy in voting.—M. Jules Clarétie, manager of the Théâtre Français, was on the 21st received at the French Academy, and was welcomed by M. Renan, who, in a brilliant address, dealt mainly with the various schools of literature.—Dr. Tarver Lewis, Bishop of Ontario, was married on the 20th, at the British Embassy, to Miss Ada Leigh, who has founded in Paris a British Free Episcopal Church, a British Orphanage, and Homes for British governesses and others.

The Emperor William II., who wore the uniform of his Russian regiment, was present at a banquet given on Feb. 23 by the Russian Ambassador. The Empress was also present. On the 25th, the Emperor dined with Prince Bismarck.

A ball was given by Sir Robert and Lady Morier at the British Embassy in St. Petersburg on Feb. 20, which was attended by the Czar and Czarina. Nearly all the other members of the Imperial family and the Grand Duke and Duchess of Hesse, with Prince Ernest Louis and Princess Alix, were also present. On the 21st, the Czar reviewed a large number of troops in front of the Winter Palace at St. Petersburg. The Emperor opened the first Russian Fishery Exhibition in St. Petersburg on the 24th.

The Greek Chamber of Deputies has passed the Budget, and Parliament has been prorogued to meet again in extraordinary session in the middle of March.

The Conference Committee appointed by the United States Congress has agreed to the Bill admitting four new States, by which North Dakota, South Dakota, Washington, and Montana will be admitted in time for representatives of them to take their seats in Congress next December, the number of American States being thus increased to forty-two.—A supplementary treaty of commerce, amity, and navigation between the United States and Japan has been signed in Japan. Its terms have

not been made public. This treaty must be ratified by the Senate before it becomes effective.

The marriage of the Emperor of China was celebrated at Peking on Feb. 26.

More troops have been telegraphed for by the New Zealand Premier to oppose the advance of the Maori chief Te Kooti.

THE PLEASURES OF DEAFNESS.

It is often difficult to account for the fact that the deaf meet with so little sympathy in their affliction; whereas the blind, halt, and maimed are the happy recipients of unlimited compassion.

At first sight it would appear that deafness cuts off a person from the society of his fellow-creatures more than any other bodily affliction. The blind, even, can enter into conversation, enjoy music, secular and sacred, sermons, and so forth, according to taste.

From all pleasures derived from the sense of hearing the deaf are debarred; and it is the sad fact that, in place of pity, our deaf friends more often excite irritability.

Who has not been a witness of the sufferings of some poor victim of the curiosity of an afflicted relative, who would insist upon asking the most awkward questions in public, which he was forced to answer in spite of a sudden check in the conversation—the old lady complacently impressed with the idea that she was speaking in a confidential whisper, unheard amid the buzz of voices? We have painful recollections of figuring as such a victim.

Or again, is the sincerest Christian charity proof against having our pet story, just as we have succeeded in gaining the attention of the whole table, broken in upon at the most telling point by a voice at the other end of the table suddenly bursting out into some inane remark, as the owner thereof, missing the hum of voices, concludes that it is a favourable opportunity for one of his oft-told tales?

Is it wonderful that our frail humanity should fail to look with unselfish compassion upon this affliction? Our want of pity for the deaf is also largely accounted for by an instinctive feeling, of which we are scarcely conscious, that Nature has lavishly compensated those whom she has seen fit to deprive of their hearing. During many a weary sermon have we not sighed for the happy immunity of deafness, and thought with

envy of the delight with which we should let our thoughts run riot in reverie, only to be brought back to earth by the droning voice uttering some worn-out platitude with an intonation that gave hopes of an approaching end to our misery?

Think, too, of the joys of deafness to an enthusiastic student, able to pursue his pleasures undisturbed amid the noise of busy streets; a stranger to the wild desire of the poor being afflicted with the sense of hearing, who vainly longs to crush the ubiquitous organ-grinder! Nor can we regard without envy the deaf man who, alone of us all, can placidly endure the domestic storm from which another has no refuge but in the seclusion of the reading-room of his club.

Ye who go through the world with ears open to receive all sounds that fall upon them—street cries, discordant music, wearisome conversation, and the numberless jars that daily shock a refined ear—think no longer with ill-concealed contempt, which ye vainly try to disguise as pity, of the deprivations of those who are ignorant of all such pains, and who live a silent life indeed, but one which receives ample compensation in its freedom from many evils to which ye hourly long to turn a deaf ear, and in vain.

C. H. O.

The Lord Mayor presided over the annual meeting of the East London Nursing Society, held at the Mansion House on Feb. 22, and, with Sir Henry Acland, the Bishop of Bedford, and others, commended the work which the society was doing.

At the meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, on Feb. 25, Sir Francis De Winton said that the Emin Relief Committee were aware that four letters from Stanley had reached Stanley Falls; they had been detained, but were now on the way to this country, and might be expected in about a fortnight. Stanley would probably have got back to Wadelai about Nov. 17.

BIRTH.

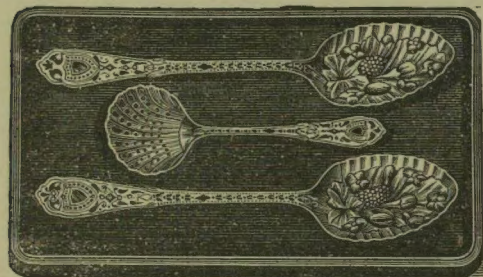
On Feb. 23, at 12, Royal-crescent, Brighton, the wife of Major English, 14th Hussars, of a son.

DEATH.

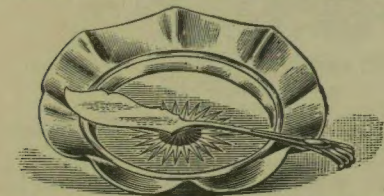
On Feb. 19, at Marine-parade, Brighton, almost suddenly, Frances Leyburn, relict of the late William Edgar, of Eagle House, Clapham Common, in her 89th year.

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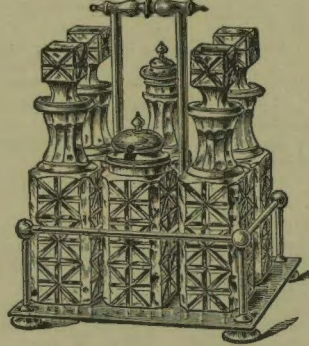
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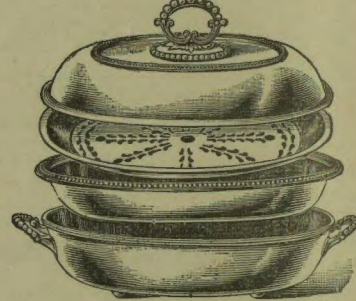


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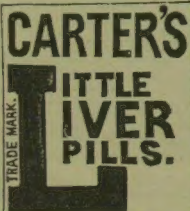


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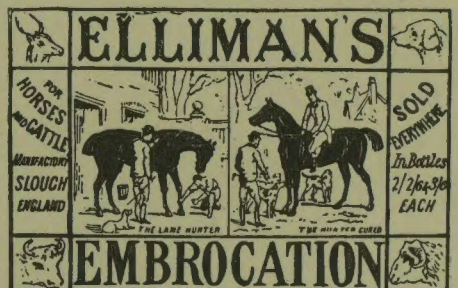
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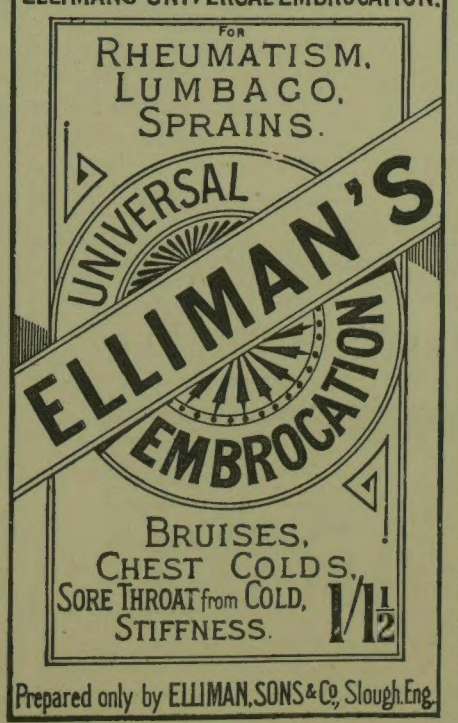
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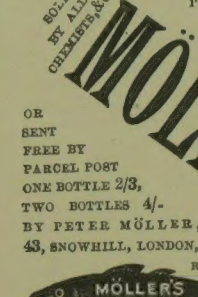
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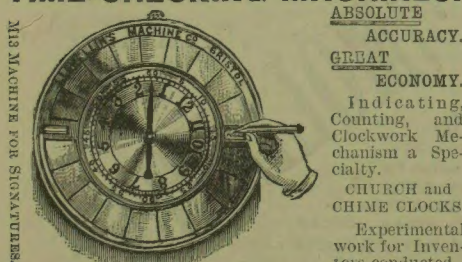
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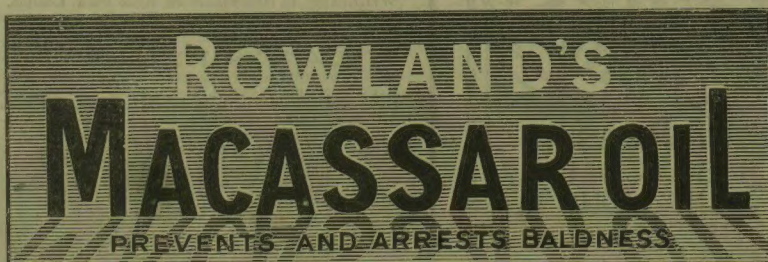
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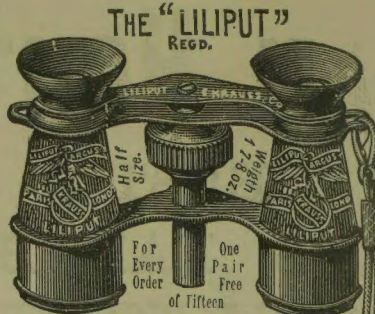
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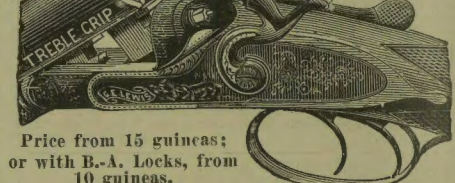
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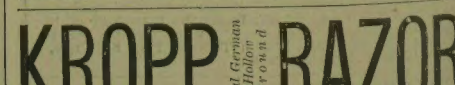
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